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JUNE 7, 1974

NR

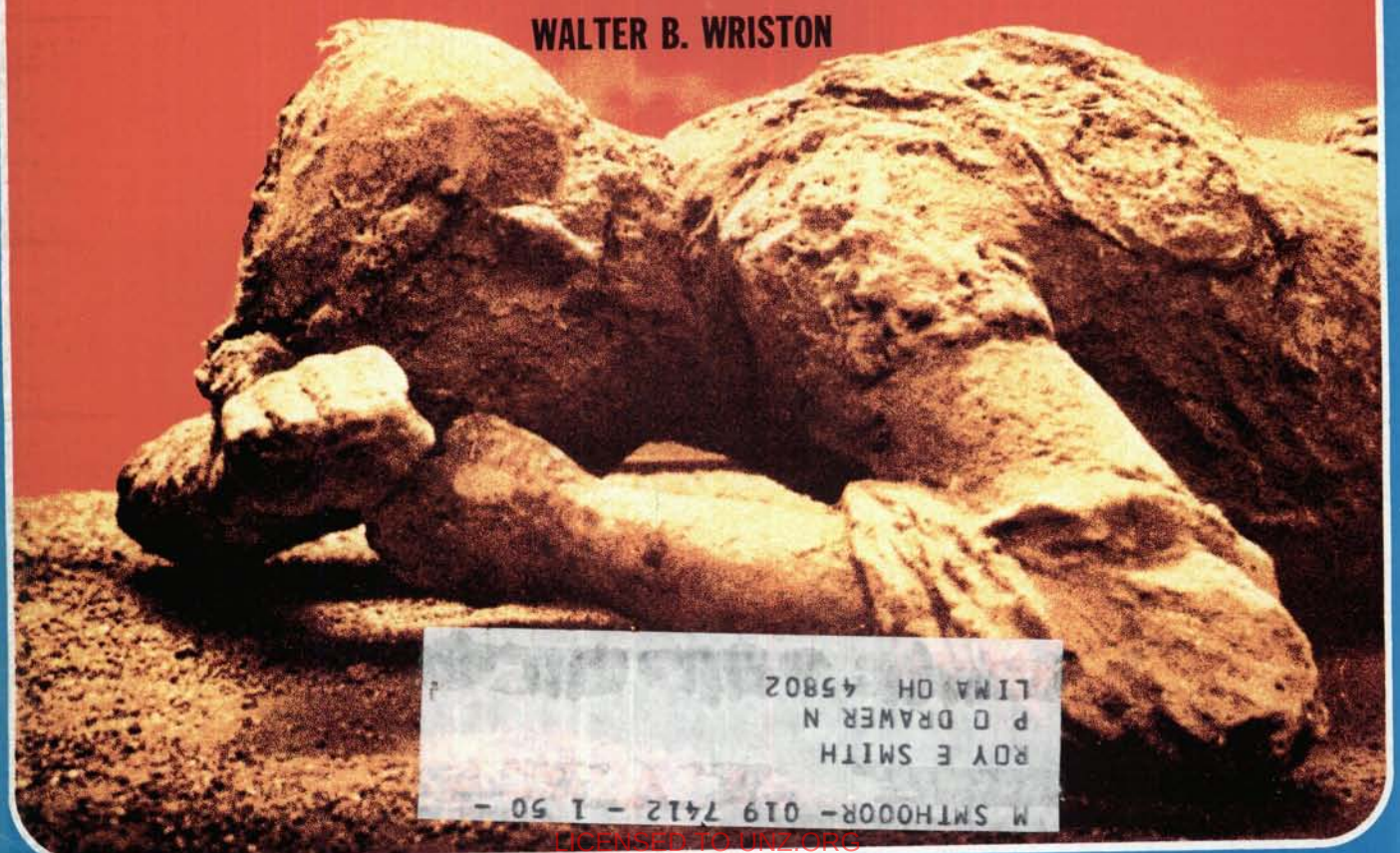
NATIONAL REVIEW

National Health Insurance Made Easy

SENATOR WILLIAM E. BROCK

Whale Oil, Baby Chicks, and Energy

WALTER B. WRISTON



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What You Had Better Do NOW About the Skyrocketing Inflation That Still Lies Ahead!

The depression will be *bad*. . . and the inflation will be even worse. But the editors and contributors to the new *Inflation Survival Letter* will show you how to make your worldly goods INFLATION PROOF. . . and how to PROSPER while others are being destroyed who simply do not understand what is going on!

What, Exactly, is Going On?

—In *stocks* and *bonds*: the market is as treacherous as a mine field.
—In *real estate*: prices are at an all time high—but virtually nobody can buy or sell because there's no mortgage money around.
—*Shortages*: they're showing up everywhere! Paper goods. Lumber. Fuel oil and gas. Electricity. Steel. Food. *What next?*
—*Cash* and *savings*: you earn 6% to 8-1/2% interest—and lose 15% to inflation!
—*Precious metals*: values bounce around like ping-pong balls in unpredictable fashion.

What is going on? Let me tell you: we are witnessing new economic patterns unlike anything we have seen in this lifetime. We are witnessing inflation with rising prices and critical shortages—some very real—some imaginary, but carefully staged for the benefit of a few shrewd companies or individuals. We are observing a world that, despite short term fluctuations, is openly expressing its mistrust of the value of our dollars. And we are witnessing the world's superpowers teetering precariously on the brink of runaway inflation, depression, or *both*.

The next few years will belong to those who understand that *these new economic patterns are still based on the natural economic laws that are as old as civilization*: supply and demand; self-interest and greed; the domination of the blind and the faint-hearted by those who have the courage to *act* rather than to foolishly do *nothing* while "hoping for things to get better."

There is a select group of men in this country who long ago predicted the approaching crisis. . . and who now can see clearly into the future because they have never been blinded by fairy-tale economics. They have been in close touch with each other, while the rest of the world has chosen pretty much to ignore them. . . and *many of them have already made great fortunes* by acting upon their own predictions about gold, silver, coins, mining stocks, etc.

The publisher of *Human Events*, the Washington newsweekly, has invited the most brilliant of these economic clearthinkers to join in the publication of a new bi-weekly letter. . .

THE *INFLATION SURVIVAL LETTER*

. . . which is intended to show you, *in simple, non-technical English, how to capitalize on the financial blindness of others*, and avoid the consequences of our nation's tremendous economic mistakes. The *Inflation Survival Letter* will also keep you informed of latest worldwide economic and political realities that bear on the inflation-depression crisis. Since most of the mass media will continue to ignore these realities, chances are that most of this critical news and economic analysis will be found only in the *Inflation Survival Letter*. *ISL* will cover coins and precious metals, gold shares, commodities, agriculture, legislation and legal decisions, the energy supply, international trade, science—*every* topic that effects your assets—and their future value. Typical of the subjects that are covered. . .

- Current trends in gold and silver *coins, bullion*, and *mining stocks*. Specific action to take regarding precious metals investments.
- How to "read between the lines" of your newspaper to spot upcoming price rises or major economic upheavals.
- How inflation and depression will affect you if you are involved in a pension plan, deferred tax plan or trust fund.
- A smart way to stock your freezer against a lightning disaster.
- Latest legislation and court decision that will affect your assets—or offer a real investment opportunity.
- How to avoid the pitfalls in buying or selling a home during a period of galloping inflation.
- Foreign currencies: another approach to inflation-proofing your assets.
- Specific dos and don'ts on stock and commodities options, margin buying, short selling.
- Common sense guidance on choosing, buying and supplying that rural "hideaway" if the worst happens, and complete nationwide economic collapse brings on civil riots.

HERE ARE SOME OF THE INVESTMENTS, BOTH SAFE AND RISKY, THAT WILL BE DISCUSSED IN THE PAGES OF THE *INFLATION SURVIVAL LETTER*

GOLD BULLION. . . SILVER BULLION. . . GOLD SHARES. . . SILVER COINS. . . U.S. & FOREIGN GOLD COINS. . . OTHER MINING SHARES. . . ANTIQUES. . . U.S. CURRENCY. . . FOREIGN CURRENCY. . . SWISS BANK ACCOUNTS. . . SAVINGS. . . GOVERNMENT BONDS. . . MORTGAGE INVESTMENTS. . . "SHORTAGE" GOODS. . . FINE ART. . . SPECIFIC STOCK AND BOND RECOMMENDATIONS (as reported to you directly from Wall Street's most successful investment advisory services—some costing up to $500 a year!) . . . REAL ESTATE (developed and income producing. . . undeveloped real estate. . . syndicates, etc.)

BEHIND THE *INFLATION SURVIVAL LETTER*

Oakley R. Bramble, one of the very first economic analysts to publicly recognize gold and silver coins as an inflation-proof investment, is the editor of the *Inflation Survival Letter*. Formerly editor of the economic letter *Agora*, Bramble's keen economic insights combined with a lifelong career as a writer and journalist have for forty years helped thousands of men and women survive and even profit from inflation.

Among the other regular contributors. . .

- *John McFalls* is proprietor of Value Action advisory service, Seattle, Washington. The value of his model gold investment portfolio has tripled in the past six years.
- *Dr. Hans F. Sennholz*, head of the Department of Economics of Grove City College, Grove City, Pa., is one of the world's leading monetary economists.
- *Douglas Johnston*, vice president of the stock brokerage firm of First of Texas, is well and favorably known for his accurate predictions of the gold price break-out in 1973.
- *Henry Hazlitt* is one of America's best known economists. His book "Economics in One Lesson" is the most widely read non-technical book on the subject.
- *Dr. Murray Rothbard* is the leading libertarian theorist in the United States. His first book, "America's Great Depression" (1963) has become an incredibly accurate blueprint of the economic woes which have beset the nation in the past 10 years.
- *Alden Rice Wells* of Exeter, N.H., is both a stock broker and an investment advisor of worldwide renown. His "Monthly Report" and "Quarterly Report" are bibles for "hard-money" investors.
- *Congressman Philip M. Crane* is the leading Congressional force behind legislation to return the legal rights of gold ownership to the American people.
- *Senator Peter Dominick* is the U.S. Senate's expert on gold and silver mining, and an advocate of the U.S. citizen's right to own gold.
- *Donald I. Rogers'* books include "The Day the Market Crashed" and many others. Formerly the financial editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*, Rogers is now president of American Economic Foundation.
- *Col. E.C. Hardwood* is not only one of this nation's leading economists but also is an expert on economic survival. He was quite possibly the first American of note to suggest gold share investments over stock market offerings.

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The *Inflation Survival Manual* may be the most important reading you do this year—perhaps in the next *ten* years. If you have a fortune, this guide may *save* it for you. If not, it may help you *make* a fortune.

THIS IS THE MOMENT TO SUBSCRIBE! (Save a full 50% over the regular rates which will go into effect later this year). . . and a copy of *ISL*'s *Inflation Survival Manual* is yours to keep FREE. Fill in the trial subscription coupon and mail it today.

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If, after receiving 3 or 4 issues, I do not see how the *Inflation Survival Letter* can help make my worldly goods inflation-proof and depression-proof, you will immediately *cancel* my subscription and *refund my entire $15 payment* at once—no questions asked. I may keep my free gift copy of the *Inflation Survival Manual* without cost.

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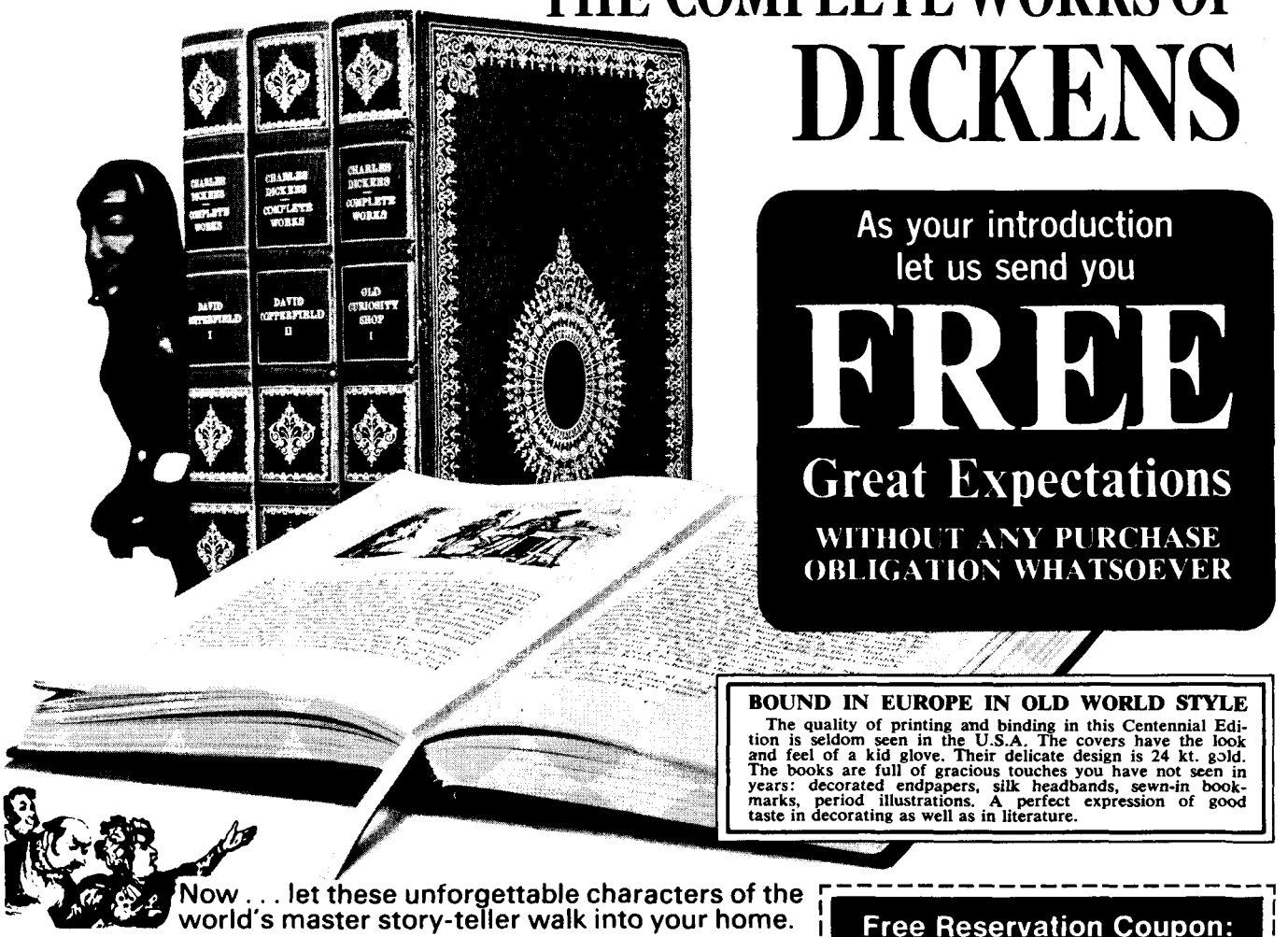

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IN THIS ISSUE . . .

. . . **William E. Brock**, the junior senator from Tennessee, gives us his thoughts on health insurance. Senator Brock has been interested in the subject for two decades—and is at least as much concerned about the insurance aspect as the health. By keeping his eye on the ball (i.e., helping families to avert financial calamity rather than federally supervising the quality and delivery of medical care) he comes up with a proposal which will not put a bureaucrat on the end of every scalpel. The simplicity of the computation his proposal requires (you will be able to figure it out even as you read along) is such that it almost automatically disqualifies the proposal from being accepted by the specialists in complexity who serve up the likes of the income tax laws. . . .

Walter B. Wriston was recently judged by his peers in a *U.S. News & World Report* survey to be the "most influential" person in the field of banking. Fourth overall—"most influential in the U.S. today"—behind Nixon, Kissinger, and Meany was Ralph Nader, some of whose franchisees did a report on First National City Bank in New York, the inaccuracies in which Mr. Wriston had the gall to point out. Mr. Wriston is the chairman of First National City Corporation.

Nicholas King has worked in the United Press bureaus in London and Paris; he was an editorial writer for the *New York Herald Tribune*, spent six years as Press Attaché in the U.S. Embassy in Paris, and more recently served as press aide to George Bush in the dramatic UN General Assembly session that saw the admission of Peking.

—DO

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Photograph by Jan Lukas

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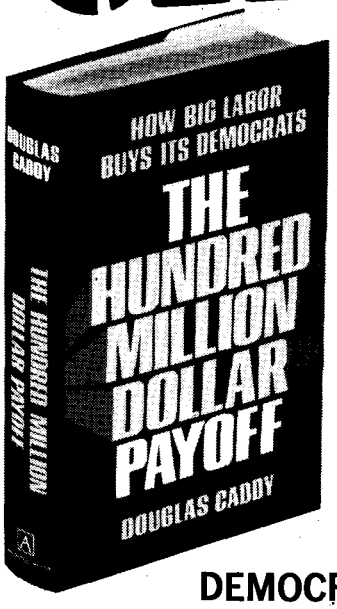

WILL THEY GIVE THESE PROOFS OF DEMOCRATIC LAWBREAKING EVEN *HALF* THE COVERAGE THEY GAVE WATERGATE?

Once upon a time, a Republican politician read a book.

But Abe Lincoln died 109 years ago.

Excuse our hyperbole. We hope our point peeps through. Maybe Republicans resist books because so many books batter them.

Not this one. Here is the campaign tool Republicans have been praying for—perfect for almost every Senate and House race . . . almost every state campaign. For two reasons:

- This book *proves*, with a mass of secret documents, that the Democrats are the *kept* men of *politics*. Their owners? The union bosses. And how many voters want their state and their country run by labor bosses?
- This book *proves* that Democrats take dirty money—on a scale undreamed-of by voters (or by GOP fat cats).

The Democrats' Watergate

Douglas Caddy, a founder of YAF and first attorney for the Watergate 7 (but not involved in the caper in any way), found his evidence in *over 4,000 secret documents*. They came to light in a little-known court case.

The unions fought hard to keep their dirty linen out of sight. The media cooperated. But this book hangs it all out.

There's hardly a major Democrat who doesn't figure in this orgy of lawbreaking. If Republicans let the Democrats wriggle off this hook—well, then maybe the GOP does have a death wish.

DEMOCRATS AND UNION BIGWIGS LAUGH AT THE LAW

- Senator Montoya denounces laundered political contributions – and gets them himself
- Interlocking political activities between unions and tax-exempt groups. Shouldn't these groups lose tax exemption?
- Labor's "nonpartisan" political stance: confidential documents *prove* it a fraud
- Private memo on "The Wallace Threat" from COPE Director Al Barkan to union leaders
- Explosive: the private correspondence between union officials and Democrat politicians—all reproduced here
- Business money: only 2 to 1 Republican. Labor money: at least 8 to 1 Democratic
- Detailed expose: labor's role in 6 Senate races from 1970 to the present: Philip Hart (Michigan), Frank Moss (Utah), Howard Metzenbaum (Ohio), Claiborne Pell (Rhode Island), Lee Metcalf (Montana), and Dick Clark (Iowa)
- What happens when a union member refuses to contribute to the candidates picked by the labor bosses?
- Lists of George Meany loyalists and other labor representatives on the Democratic National Committee, Democratic Charter Commission, Democratic Delegate Selection Commission
- Behind-the-scenes at the International Association of Machinists (IAM) and its political arm, the Machinists Non-Partisan Political League (MNPL)
- Political uses of Machinists' "educational fund"—and even tax-exempt treasury funds
- Secret IAM Executive Committee minutes. What they reveal about the union's massive political activities
- Year-by-year look at labor's political spending, from 1968 to the present
- Labor's political front groups: how they siphon money to pet candidates
- Labor's token Republicans: how Republican are they?
- Union staffs doing political work. Democrat candidate worries about all the out-of-state licenses on the cars of his campaign workers
- How labor unions help finance newsletters sent out—free—by their favorite Senators and Representatives
- List of union political leaders present at a strategy meeting to defeat Senator John McClellan
- Perceptive Alice Widener report on today's socialists and their plans for the Democratic Party
- Revealed: private union memos and reports on key Texas campaign
- COPE: why it is the nation's most powerful political machine. Its finances
- Letters from union files demonstrating grass-roots rebellion
- Who represents the union members – 30% to 40%—who are neither Democrat nor liberal?
- Michigan: case history of a labor-bossed state
- Labor's plans for the next Democratic convention. Meany's favorite candidate
- How much are union staff assignments worth to Democrat campaigns?
- Private letter from Senator Montoya asks help of IAM president
- Get-out-the-vote campaigns: why they always end up helping the Democrats. Democratic pol's indiscreet letter spells out why he wants to join a "genuine non-partisan registration drive"
- Appendix: Labor's contributions to recent campaigns
- Appendix: The big payoff—voting records of members of Congress supported by COPE

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Letters

Ms.'s Dichotomy

M. J. Sobran Jr. ["Of *Ms.* and Men," May 24] has carefully analyzed the flaws in *Ms.*'s rhetoric and philosophy, but has not got at its basic mistake.

The problem with *Ms.* is, very simply, that the editors have unwittingly accepted the classic antifeminist dichotomy between intelligence and attractiveness to men. Girls (including, presumably, *Ms.*'s editors) were constantly told, "You can't be both attractive and intelligent, and therefore you must choose to be attractive": don't get better grades than boys, play dumb for them, since no boy would like a girl who was brighter than he, and the most important thing in life is to get a husband.

The editors of *Ms.* have accepted these premises but reversed the conclusions. They say, over and over, "You can't be both attractive and intelligent, and therefore you must choose to be intelligent." Hence their hostility to men: accepting as they do this dichotomy, they have to regard men as either their enemies or their masters, and they choose the former.

If the editors and contributors of *Ms.* realized that attractiveness and intelligence are not mutually exclusive, it seems to me, they would be less concerned with changing the male personality, which understandably concerns Mr. Sobran. I am not suggesting that there are no aspects of current sex roles that should be changed, nor would I dare to claim that all men are secure enough to deal with intelligent women. But neither, apparently, are these women secure enough to deal with men.

New York, N.Y. ALEXANDRA VAIL

The Meddling State

The issues raised in your May 10 issue in the article on Naderism ["Consumerism and One Small Businessman," by Lowell F. Jones] and "More on the Meddling State," by William F. Rickenbacker, were enough to send chills down the spine. The more the government does to protect me, the less I like it. It is interesting to note that each of these protectors helps provide full time employment to more and more people whom the protected must support.

Paul McGouldrick's article about inflation ["What You Shouldn't Know about Economics"] was also timely as it is this very process of spending money that has greatly aggravated our situation. You're going to have to work hard to top this issue. Well done.

Great Lakes, Ill. T. M. RYAN

Long Reconstruction

Re "For the Record" [May 10]: I was not aware that Reconstruction had lasted in Virginia through 1969, the year in which the people of that commonwealth elected Linwood Holton, a gentleman of impeccable and lifelong Republican credentials, to be their governor. Yet such must indeed be the case, if, as you assert, Mills Godwin, the now Republican and former Democratic governor of Virginia, is the first Republican to have attained to this high office since Reconstruction.

Durham, N.C. JOHN B. DILLON

Pearson as Winchell

May I comment on Robert D. Novak's superb review [March 29] of *Drew Pearson Diaries 1949-1959*?

In his columnar-radio jousting, Pearson used scandal solely against right-of-center enemies; he spared those who shared his left-of-center bias. In the diaries he spares nobody. Some of his most malicious assertions and horrendous anecdotes involve Harry Hopkins, the New Deal factotum; William P. Rogers, Pearson's libel lawyer and friend; and Supreme Court Justice Frank Murphy, who gave quiet help to the columnist in his quarrels with the Catholic Church over Spain and Father Coughlin. Since Pearson intended the diaries for publication, this reduces him to the level of a Walter Winchell, who valued exposure for its own sake.

New York, N.Y. OLIVER PILAT

Lee's Slaves

Mr. Jack Chatfield, reviewing Alistair Cooke's *America* [March 1], observed ". . . by the way, contrary to what Cooke and just about everybody else believe, Robert E. Lee never did free his slaves." As an interested member of the "everybody else" I would appreciate knowing Mr. Chatfield's sources.

Lee's views on slavery are well known and well documented. Clifford Dowdey and Louis H. Manarin, in the *Wartime Papers of R. E. Lee*, say, "As with a ma-

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The Lazy Man's Way to Riches

'Most People Are Too Busy Earning a Living to Make Any Money'

I used to work hard. The 18-hour days. The 7-day weeks.

But I didn't start making big money until I did less – a *lot* less.

For example, this ad took about 2 hours to write. With a little luck, it should earn me 50, maybe a hundred thousand dollars.

What's more, I'm going to ask you to send me 10 dollars for something that'll cost me no more than 50 cents. And I'll try to make it so irresistible that you'd be a darned fool not to do it.

After all, why should you care if I make $9.50 profit if I can show you how to make a *lot* more?

What if I'm so sure that you *will* make money my Lazy Man's Way that I'll make you the world's most unusual guarantee?

And here it is: I won't even cash your check or money order for 31 days *after* I've sent you my material.

That'll give you plenty of time to get it, look it over, try it out.

If you don't agree that it's worth *at least a hundred times* what you invested, send it back. Your *uncashed* check or money order will be put in the return mail.

The only reason I won't send it to you and bill you or send it C.O.D. is because both these methods involve more time and money.

And I'm already going to give you the biggest bargain of your life.

Because I'm going to tell you what it took me 11 years to perfect: How to make money the Lazy Man's Way.

O.K. – now I have to brag a little. I don't mind it. And it's necessary – to prove that sending me 10 dollars... which I'll keep "in escrow" until you're satisfied... is the smartest thing you ever did.

I live in a home that's worth $100,000. I know it is, because I turned down an offer for that much. My mortgage is less than half that, and the only reason I haven't paid it off is because my Tax Accountant says I'd be an idiot.

My "office," about a mile and a half from my home, is right on the beach. My view is so breathtaking that most people comment that they don't see how I get any work done. But I do enough. About 6 hours a day, 8 or 9 months a year.

The rest of the time we spend at our mountain "cabin." I paid $30,000 for it – cash.

I have 2 boats and a Cadillac. All paid for.

We have stocks, bonds, investments, cash in the bank. But the most important thing I have is priceless: time with my family.

And I'll show you just how I did it – the Lazy Man's Way – a secret I've shared with just a few friends 'til now.

It doesn't require "education." I'm a high school graduate.

It doesn't require "capital." When I started out, I was so deep in debt that a lawyer friend advised bankruptcy as the only way out. He was wrong. We paid off our debts and, outside of the mortgage, don't owe a cent to any man.

It doesn't require "luck." I've had more than my share, but I'm not promising you that you'll make as much money as I have. And you may do better; I personally know one man who used these principles, worked hard, and made 11 million dollars in 8 years. But money isn't everything.

It doesn't require "talent." Just enough brains to know what to look for. And I'll tell you that.

It doesn't require "youth." One woman I worked with is over 70. She's travelled the world over, making all the money she needs, doing only what I taught her.

It doesn't require "experience." A widow in Chicago has been averaging $25,000 a year for the past 5 years, using my methods.

What *does* it require? Belief. Enough to take a chance. Enough to absorb what I'll send you. Enough to put the principles into *action*. If you do just that – nothing more, nothing less – the results *will* be hard to believe. Remember – I guarantee it.

You don't have to give up your job. But you may soon be making so much money that you'll be able to. Once again – I guarantee it.

The wisest man I ever knew told me something I never forgot: "Most people are too busy earning a living to make any money."

Don't take as long as I did to find out he was right.

I'll prove it to you, if you'll send in the coupon now. I'm not asking you to "believe" me. Just try it. If I'm wrong, all you've lost is a couple of minutes and a postage stamp. But what if I'm right?

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jority of Virginians, [Lee] did not believe in secession, nor as a professional soldier did he hold any stake in the institution of slavery. A number of slaves were included in the estate of his wife's father, George Washington Park Custis, . . . who died in 1857, but by will these were manumitted. Before Lee effected the manumission, December 29, 1862, he wrote his son, Custis, of his distaste of the involvement with chattel slaves, saying that Custis' grandfather 'has left me an unpleasant legacy.'"

In the same book is a letter to Lee's wife, Mary, in 1862, giving in some detail how the "servants" were to be "freed" and what steps he wished taken for the welfare of those who might find no jobs. On pages 88-89 of *Recollections and Letters of General Lee* by his son, Robert E. Lee Jr., are quotes from Lee's letters at the time clearly indicating his compassion for these slaves and his desire to do all he could for them when they were liberated.

It is my impression, and, I think, that of other members of the Lee family, that General Lee, as a professional soldier in the United States Army until Virginia seceded, never owned any slaves, was against slavery, and did in fact free the slaves at Arlington whom his wife had inherited together with the Arlington estate.

Hartford, Conn. FITZHUGH LEE
Vice Admiral
U.S. Navy (Retired)

Mr. Chatfield Replies

My statement, based upon an essay by Fawn Brodie in *The Anti-Slavery Vanguard* (edited by Martin Duberman), which I had read several years ago and which had become faded in my memory, was incorrect, and I retract it. But I believe that Admiral Lee, in his defense of his distinguished ancestor, may be committing the same offense against the historical record that I did. Fawn Brodie contends that ". . . Lee's own 'anti-slavery' record was cloudier than his devoted admirers made it out to be. It is true that he never owned more than a half a dozen slaves, several of whom he had freed and sent to Liberia. But for years he had participated actively in all the pleasant aspects of plantation life on the beautiful Arlington estate of his father-in-law, which was home for his wife and children. This estate was willed to Lee's wife in 1857, and Lee was made executor of all Custis' property with express orders to free his 196 slaves within five years and find work for them on his farms. By 1859 none had been emancipated. Lee blamed the delay on legal complications attending the will. Still it happened that when two of the slaves fled toward freedom and were captured in Maryland, he had them brought back and sent to southern Virginia where it was less easy to escape. And he waited until the end of the five-year period before signing the deeds of manumission on December 29, 1862. Cer-

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tainly during the war, if Lee had had a bad conscience about fighting to preserve the slave system, it had not noticeably impaired his aggressive will and spirit."

Mrs. Brodie says some things in this paragraph which no good historian should say: that Lee lived comfortably on a plantation is utterly beside the point; and if Lee's performance as a soldier makes him a defender of slavery, then General Sherman was an abolitionist. In fact, Sherman opposed the immediate abolition of slavery.

Nonetheless, I have quoted the entire paragraph because I think that Mrs. Brodie raises questions about Lee's alleged hatred of slavery. It was easy, and fashionable, and perhaps soothing to condemn "the legacy of slavery" in private letters. But how did General Lee and other Southerners who despised the evil of slavery hope to bring the system to an end? One may say that questions such as this belong to another discussion. But I think one must face them. What does it mean to say that General Lee opposed slavery? If men like Lee failed to act on their beliefs, how would slavery have been brought to an end without a war or an insurrection? With friends like Robert E. Lee the slaves needed no enemies. This is the tragedy of the antebellum South.

Hartford, Conn. JACK CHATFIELD

Antisemitic Fallout

As a longtime reader who was drawn to *NR* and held to it by the basic honesty of its thinking and reporting—even where I didn't agree—I was extremely disappointed by the editorial comment on "The New Antisemitism" [March 29].

Having read the book of that title by Messrs. Forster and Epstein of the Anti-Defamation League (and your comments seem to be based on a press release rather than the book itself), I can only sadly say that you have misinterpreted their thesis and then twisted it into your label of "defamation." The ADL book does not call Senator Fulbright, Dean Sayre, the *Christian Science Monitor*, et al. "antisemites" as you report. It simply states—and documents to my satisfaction—that they and some other "respectable" voices in American society have become callous and insensitive to Jewish concerns and indifferent to some very real threats which unquestionably produce an antisemitic fallout.

To state a couple of examples: when Senator Fulbright says that the U.S. Senate is controlled by "Israel," he is suggesting a devious power in the hands of American Jews (and even a slight insinuation of disloyalty?), and this reflects a standard and long-discredited claim of the professional hatemongers. It is not antisemitism on Fulbright's part, but it is the sort of thing that can feed it—and it is not "defamation" to point this out.

And listen to Dean Sayre speaking of Jerusalem: "Now the Jews have it all. But even as they praise their God for the smile of fortune, they begin almost simultaneously to put him to death." Is this an example of what you term "*political* criticisms" (emphasis yours) of Israeli policy? I would point out that this implication of deicide by Jews was from a sermon delivered on Palm Sunday—the eve of the Crucifixion. Am I "defaming" Dean Sayre?—or is this not an example of what Forster and Epstein have quite correctly labeled "insensitivity"?

The *Christian Science Monitor*, in the same editorial in which it denounced U.S. aid for the defense of Israel, found it within the bounds of "responsibility" for Moscow to arm the Egyptians and Syrians as a "means to defend themselves and try to regain their lost lands." This was *after* the Yom Kippur attack!

The authors of the book nowhere claim that (in *NR*'s rather sarcastic words) "a new wave of antisemitism is sweeping the U.S." But I wonder: is a new wave of knee-jerk anti-ADL reaction sweeping *NR*? If not, let's have a thoughtful review of the Forster-Epstein book on its own terms. I'm sure it would vindicate my original evaluation of your magazine.

Little Neck, N.Y. MARGIT L. JOHNSON

Aaron as Symbol

Your editorial "That Home Run" [April 26] concluded, "That 715th home run was a great accomplishment, but it is a statistic; not a symbol." While I found your analysis of other sports greats and their precedent-setting feats of interest and some value, I believe any sensitive observer, regardless of color (mine happens to be white), can not fail to see the symbolic meaning of Henry Aaron's 714th and 715th home runs.

The 714th home run symbolized, at least for me, the blacks' (and other nonwhite American ethnics') relentless struggle for full equality in the face of continuing (but diminishing, thank God) prejudice and even hate. As Hank Aaron neared the 714 mark, thousands of hateful, obscene letters symbolically reminded us once again that a frightening percentage of "Americans" would never accept a black hero's equality with the Babe.

The 715th home run symbolized the blacks' and other minorities' triumph over seemingly impossible odds, not just to equal but at times to surpass the achievements of white Americans. Perhaps fear of Aaron's inevitable conquest of the Babe best explains the avalanche of hate mail and at least one death threat that he received.

Finally, Aaron's best remembered utterance is symbolic of the spirit of equality and mutual respect that is fortunately taking root, at long last, in America: "I don't want people to forget Babe Ruth; I just want them to remember Hank Aaron."

We will, Hank, and *hardly* as "a statistic; not a symbol."

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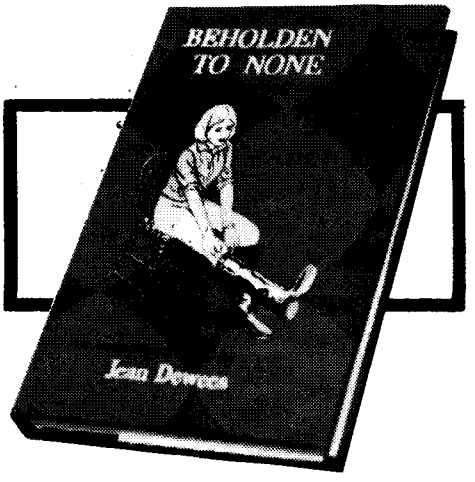

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THE KENYA PLATE

A salute to those noble beasts that have survived and a tribute to all people dedicated to saving endangered species and wildlife habitat throughout the world.

Like the noble beasts themselves, the art of glassmaking has not changed noticeably since the blowing iron was invented in Babylon 2000 years ago. Potash, sand and lime are heated until molten, then gathered and blown, and worked into a finished form. Some 300 years ago, in England, it was discovered that the addition of lead oxide yielded a very clear and brilliant glass that could be engraved with a copper wheel. It was called crystal, and from it emerged a new art form.

A handful of skilled artisans work as a team, each member carrying out his traditional assignment using tools and methods unchanged in centuries. And although the rest of the team may perform to perfection, one slip at the engraver's wheel dooms an otherwise flawless piece to the melting pot.

The process is so demanding that perfection is rarely attained. While several thousand plates of fine lead crystal may be attempted, only 2500 will meet the standard of perfection deemed necessary to qualify for a serial number in The Kenya Plate edition.

The first two plates have been presented to H.R.H. Prince of the Netherlands and Jomo Kenyatta, President of Kenya. The last is reserved for the permanent archives of the World Wildlife Fund. Orders for the remaining 2,497 will be filled sequentially as received. Because the exacting hand production is limited to 100 plates per month, only one plate will be permitted each individual subscriber.

The Struggle To Survive

The survival of animals, birds, and their supporting habitat is no longer a fair contest with the traditional forces of nature. "Few literate people can be unaware today of the galloping destruction, degradation, and pollution of the natural environment which are proceeding apace all around us." This view of Prince Bernhard, who is also President of the World Wildlife Fund, is shared by the entire organization and, as a result, it is imbued with a sense of quiet urgency.

Time is running out.

Survival is becoming more and more the hard-won result of prompt, deliberate action—even in the lush vastness of Kenya, home of many of the great and noble beasts of Africa. There, the World Wildlife Fund is supporting the country's own conservation efforts within the Nairobi National Park, Motomo Plant Sanctuary, Lake Nakuru, the Baharini Sanctuary, and marine parks on Kenya's coast.

Gone Forever

In the United States alone there are currently 97 species the Congressional Record lists as "endangered," while 47 others are entirely extinct. Among them are:

Plains wolf	Labrador duck
Sea mink	Great auk
Eastern cougar	Passenger pigeon
Badlands bighorn	Carolina parakeet
Eastern elk	San Gorgonio trout

Kenya As An Example

Kenya is but one of 80 countries in which the World Wildlife Fund is making significant headway against life-destroying forces. In its 12 years of existence, the Fund has channeled $9 million into 762 key conservation projects. Among them are the international program for conservation of marine turtles through the safeguarding of breeding beaches; protection and habitat management for the Javan rhinoceros; the rescue of the endangered Arabian oryx; strong action to reduce pressure on the tiger, leopard, cheetah and other spotted cats threatened with extinction by fashion trends.

The Web Of Life

If the world becomes unsuitable for animals, mankind may follow them into extinction. Such is the texture of life on our blue planet. Every living thing depends on every other living thing. The problem of conservation of wildlife frequently becomes a question of saving their habitat. *Our* habitat.

Thus, the World Wildlife Fund has helped establish the Guadiamar and the Coto Donana reserves in Southern Spain, which offer some of the finest spectacles of wild nature in Europe; the Marchauen/Marchegg Reserve in Austria with the only remnants of gallery forest in western Europe; sanctuaries in Pakistan, Jordan, Australia, Peru, Tanganyika; and the New Jersey wetlands in the United States, breeding and feeding grounds for fish, shellfish, land and shore birds.

An Investment In One's Self

When you purchase the magnificent Kenya Plate, you automatically become an Associate of the World Wildlife Fund, a non-profit, tax-exempt organization. A cash contribution to the Fund will be made in your name, and your name will be inscribed in a special bound volume, to be placed in the permanent archives of the World Wildlife Fund. You will receive semi-annual progress reports on how contributions are being spent and what the results are. Please note: there are no frills to the World Wildlife Fund. You will not receive expensive magazines or elaborate publications. Instead, your contribution goes into priority action programs "to re-establish an unbroken link with nature and with life." *Your* life.

The price of The Kenya Plate is $250. Of course, if you are not entirely satisfied with your purchase, you may return it within 30 days for a full and unquestioned refund.

Prospect Of Appreciation

While the purpose in creating The Kenya Plate as an art object is to pay tribute to the extraordinary work and results of the World Wildlife Fund, there are those who will recognize it as an investment as well. There is, of course, no guarantee of appreciation, but it is interesting to note that certain other limited editions of true artistic merit have substantially increased in value in a short time. A Gunther Granget edition of porcelain "Dolphins" closed in 1970 at $750 each. The current price is $2,000. Boehm's "The Tern," first issued in 1968 for $1,400, is now quoted at $6,000. And the famous Dorothy Doughty "Bobtail Quails" brought out in 1940 at $275 the pair, recently brought $22,000 at auction.

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THE KENYA PLATE is Bavarian lead crystal, mouth-blown and hand-engraved, 11¼" in diameter. The animals depicted are: sable antelope, African elephant, giraffe, African buffalo, black rhinoceros, African lion. Limited to 2500 of which 100 will be produced each month.

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910 Seventeenth Street N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20006

Gentlemen: I wish to purchase The Kenya Plate. It will be serially numbered in the crystal and my plate will be the lowest number of those remaining on the date my order is received. It will be sent to me with a Warrant of Authenticity.

I understand that this purchase also provides me with all the rights and privileges of membership as an Associate of the World Wildlife Fund.

The price is $250, including insurance, handling, and shipping charges. I understand that if I am not satisfied with my purchase, I may return it within 30 days for a full, unquestioned refund.

Enclosed is my ☐ check; **Suite 621**
☐ money order made payable to:
The Kenya Company.

Please charge my:
☐ BankAmericard; ☐ Master Charge

*Acct. #*_____ *Expires*_____

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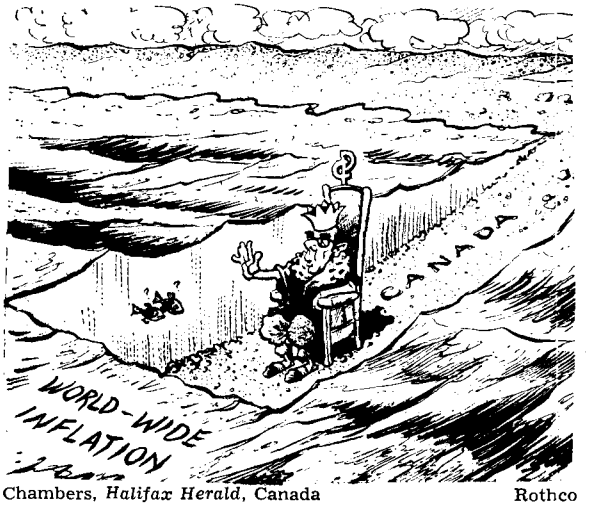
FOR THE RECORD

■ Senatorial nose count: **Evans & Novak** believe President **Nixon** may have lost six votes in the Senate as a result of transcript release. They now give him 32 votes (two fewer than needed to acquit) and report these changes from two weeks earlier: Senators **Allen** (Ala.), **Hansen** (Wyo.), **Helms** (N.C.), and **Young** (N.D.) are now listed as "hardcore," instead of "super-hardcore"; they list former hardcore Senators **Scott** (Pa.), Minority Leader, and **Griffin** (Mich.), Minority Whip, along with **Marlow Cook** (Ky.) and Georgia Democrats **Talmadge** and **Nunn** as no longer hardcore. . . . Sen. **William Brock**, chairman of the Senatorial Campaign Committee, puts it on the line. He's having a "great deal of trouble" raising money for senatorial contests this year, he says, and adds "Watergate has done us a considerable amount of harm. There is no question about that". . . . Even Nixon loyalist Gov. **Meldrim Thomson** of New Hampshire, who has decided to run for reelection, says he will not invite the President to campaign for him. . . . The ADA, which came out for impeachment way back in 1971, before Watergate, not only wants Nixon impeached, its national convention adopted position that Nixon should not be granted immunity from any prosecution in return for possible resignation. . . . The Treasury reports that any "donation of presidential tapes to the government" cannot be used for tax deductions. . . . Bookstores report the transcripts are selling faster than anything since *The Exorcist*. . . . The University of Florida has added a course on impeachment to its summer curriculum (the better to understand Mr. **Rodino**, dear). . . . And in Washington, a new bumper sticker: IMPEACH THE (EXPLETIVE DELETED).



Chambers, *Halifax Herald*, Canada — Rothco

"I've never claimed I could control the entire tide—merely this particular segment of it."

■ The attacks on **Gerald Ford** mounting. The newspaper of the United Rubber Workers Union charges that in his 25 years in House, Ford voted "wrong" 102, "right" only seven times on legislation regarded as vital to labor. Among bills Ford voted "wrong" on were **Taft-Hartley**, **Landrum-Griffin**, and right to work laws. . . . Ford, incidentally, is the first Vice President ever to have set up an office on the House side of Congress. . . . In recent voter registration drive in Philadelphia the Democrats registered 42,000, the Republicans 2,000. In addition, five times as many Republicans as Democrats switched parties. Said Republican chairman **William Devlin**: "Our people got blasted off the doorsteps. You take a verbal beating and some guys just don't bother to go out anymore."

■ Sure bestseller: *Washington Post* says *Newsweek* columnist **Shana Alexander** has received $200,000 advance from Viking for story of **Patricia Hearst** kidnapping. According to story, Miss Alexander had been in touch with Symbionese Liberation Army before most of it was wiped out. . . . Maoist revolutionary professor **Bruce Franklin**, fired from Stanford in 1972 for inciting students to riot, says SLA activities have hurt the revolutionary movement in America and "played into the hands of the most reactionary forces in the U.S. today." The University of Colorado faculty council has voted 22 to 8, incidentally, to ask the school's Board of Regents to reverse a decision and hire Franklin. . . . The anti-Chilean junta committees are turning out big crowds in radical circuits these days, to hear former Swedish Ambassador to Chile **Harald Edelstam**, **Daniel Ellsberg**, and **Allende**'s wife and daughters. . . . **Angela Davis** fan clubs less active these days, perhaps because of speeches on topics such as "The Inherently Criminal Capitalist Nature of the Nixon Administration" with which she regaled a "wildly cheering" (the Communist *World* tells us) crowd at Vassar last week. . . . Make a note of this: **William Williams** testified in federal court in Atlanta that there is no such organization as the American Revolutionary Army and that he acted alone in kidnapping *Atlanta Constitution* editor **Reg Murphy** and that it wasn't a right wing extremist action.

■ Generation Gap: at University of Minnesota cafeteria this spring the salads were marked "Made with **United Farm Workers** Lettuce," or, "Made with **Teamster** Lettuce." The faculty club—wouldn't you know—served only UFW lettuce.

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THE WEEK

■ Has anyone stopped to ask whether there is a free market solution to Nixon? If the President is worth impeaching, he's worth impeaching at a profit, right? We have a couple of modest suggestions along these lines. First, the President should *sell* the damn tapes to the highest bidder—Ervin, Rodino, Jaworski, the *New York Times*, or whomever—and use the proceeds, after taxes of course, a) to buy 34 senators for acquittal, or b), failing a), to retire comfortably, perhaps sharing digs with Robert Vesco. If more funds are needed, Mr. Nixon has among his personal belongings an even more valuable piece of property to sell, namely, his resignation. He could say, "All right you deleteds, you want me to resign, make it worth my while. What will you pay me to go quietly?" Taxpayers could chip in the combined budgets of the Senate Watergate Committee and the House Judiciary Committee to buy Nixon out, and still save a bundle. The country's problem is solved, and as for Mr. Nixon, a man can struggle along all right on the combined budgets of two congressional committees. Anyway, we've been giving this whole mess a lot of serious thought.

■ Ever since it became clear that Watergate was not going to turn into a hoop and roll away, Republicans have been watching Barry Goldwater. If Goldwater—Mr. Republican, and the man without whose support Richard Nixon would not have been nominated or elected in 1968—asked Nixon to resign, Nixon's position would be untenable. Although Senator Goldwater had long been critical of Mr. Nixon's handling of Watergate, he was cool to Senator Buckley's call for resignation in March. Now, in *Newsweek*, he has elaborated his position: "*Q*. Should a delegation go to the White House and urge him to resign, for the good of the party and of the country? *A*. I know of no reason now, in the middle of May, for me or anyone else to go and ask him. If I became convinced that this should be done, I would have no qualms about doing it." When might that be? "After the Memorial Day recess I think you're going to be able to sense around here a definite feeling favoring impeachment or nonimpeachment. Let's wait and see what another two weeks will do to the temper of the people; let's see what a more thorough reading of the tapes will do . . ." What about the notion that the only way to clear up Watergate is for the House to vote impeachment, and the Senate to consider the evidence? If President Nixon were impeached but not convicted by the Senate, could he govern effectively? "I would have serious questions about it."

■ When the transcripts revealed that President Nixon uses vulgarities, *Time* rushed in to make the relevant distinctions. Harry Truman's language, which Nixon had "sanctimoniously criticized," was "salty," "earthy," and "racy," with "a funny, folksy flair that Nixon's lacks." Eisenhower and Kennedy "could muster choice words on occasion." Lyndon Johnson "could make people chuckle with his inventive cussing and barnyard phrases." But Richard Nixon's private speech is "blasphemous and obscene . . . salacious and scatological" besides being "mechanically spew[n] out." *Time* borrowed a helpful insight from David Riesman, who booms hairy-chestedly, "He always wanted to be in the locker room, but never belonged there. He's like a coxswain on the crew." Weigh-heigh, blow the man down.

■ Who is 69, has been in the Senate for 30 years, is a widely acclaimed statesman, chairs an exceptionally powerful Senate committee, was a Rhodes scholar and has a scholarship program named after him, has plagued anti-Communists with his antic isolationism for years and who, dear gentle lovable reader, is probably right now right as you read this going down to defeat in his bid for renomination to the Senate from Arkansas, who else but Senator J. William Fulbright, dear gentle lovable reader notice the lilt in my leap and how the sun is shining oh what a beautiful morning . . .

■ You be the Civilian Review Board: it seems there were these idealists, young people, you know, who wanted to make this a better world. So they formed their own secret army, and killed a school superintendent. Then they kidnapped a girl (to be fair, it was a *rich* girl), brainwashed her, tormented her parents by making her denounce them in mad-dog rhetoric, published a death list, robbed a bank, shot two people, kidnapped another fellow, stole a few cars, and did a little shoplifting to boot. Somehow the police found the house where six of them and a cat were staying, laid siege to it, and called out for them to surrender. Which, of course, they refused to do. Then the police lobbed tear gas at the house, so the young people started shooting, and the police started shooting, and a tear gas canister or whatever blew up and burned the house down, and before you knew it, all six of them were dead, as was the cat. Three days later, the lady who headed the local civil liberties union charged that this was "an excessive use of police power." Should the police have: a) closed in on the house slowly, with lariats and flypaper; b) waited until the cat got out before firing; or c) arrested that damned lady on some trumped-up charge?

■ Last year we gave South Vietnam $1.1 billion in accordance with our promise that if they would do the job we would supply the tools. This year the Administration wanted to raise it to $1.6 billion, to make up for inflation. Instead, over the protests of Chairman John Stennis, the Committee voted to cut the budget to $900 million—which saves less than 1 per cent of our total defense

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

For weeks Secretary of State Henry Kissinger shuttled back and forth between Syria and Israel, devoting all his formidable energies to disengaging two small nations on one front of a multifront war. Meanwhile, critics say, back at the State Department, all action on all other foreign policy problems ground to a halt. Mr. Nixon seems determined to go to Moscow this summer and obviously would like to bring back another arms control agreement to wave in the face of the House Judiciary Committee. But according to some officials, Mr. Nixon's recent participation in strategic arms policy meetings (especially the questions he asked) clearly revealed that his Watergate preoccupation has left him dangerously out of touch with the complex issues. This leaves him particularly at the mercy of Mr. Kissinger's briefings. Mr. Kissinger has been too busy to do his homework on this subject, and is at the mercy of the arms control advisers he took with him from the White House when he moved to the State Department. These are the people who helped fashion the 1972 Interim Agreement on offensive weapons, which left the U.S. in a position of clear inferiority in numbers of missiles.

■ Exactly two years from now reporters and political opponents may be saying about Senator Charles Percy (R., Ill.) what reporters and political opponents were saying exactly two years ago about George McGovern. "How did we underestimate him so badly?" Percy's unannounced but remarkably public campaign for the 1976 GOP presidential nomination was supposed to take him to 32 states this year. He may have reached that goal by Labor Day. He has hired the Washington consulting firm of Bailey, Deardourff & Eyre, Inc. to manage his campaign. This firm specializes in support for moderate Republicans.

■ You out there who really did save your Confederate money. It still is worthless (kind of like Yankee money these days) but things are looking up in one regard. Robert E. Lee may get his citizenship back. Senator Harry Byrd (Independent, from the home of the Army of Northern Virginia) has introduced Senate Joint Resolution 189 to restore the citizenship Lee lost after Appomattox. Lee applied for restoration but forgot to include in his letter to President Andrew Johnson a signed oath of allegiance to the Constitution. The confusion was not cleared up before Lee died in 1870. Resolutions such as Byrd's have been introduced in each of the last 17 years and have gone nowhere, but this one might, if only because some liberal senators are thinking of amending it to include grants of amnesty for some or all of those who evaded the draft or deserted from the armed service during the Vietnam war. They reason that such people should be treated at least as generously as a man who led an open (and nearly successful) rebellion against the United States.

■ BRIEFS: John Dean has been receiving around-the-clock protection from federal marshals since March 15. The protection was ordered by Special Prosecutor Leon Jaworski. There have been reports of threats against Dean's life. But the marshals also may be serving to keep reporters away from Dean, who is under court order not to talk at all publicly about Watergate. Some people would like to get close enough to Dean to ask him how he can afford to live so well. Although he has been unemployed for 13 months, he has just moved to Los Angeles and purchased a $110,000 house. . . . Now what does this tell you about the power of private contributions in political campaigns? Senator J. William Fulbright spent about half a million dollars. Governor Dale Bumpers spent about a third of that. . . . The Senate is at it again, striking election year poses on the busing issue. It huffed and it puffed and it narrowly defeated (47 to 46) what was described as a "tough antibusing measure." But the fact is that most senators believe the only way busing can be stopped is with a constitutional amendment. —CATO

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spending, but cuts the Saigon allotment by a potentially crucial 18 per cent. Defense Secretary Schlesinger accurately dissected this dangerous thrift: "Surely, after all of the involvement in South Vietnam, the South Vietnamese deserve something better than a retroactive punishment for our having gotten involved in the war on their side. If we continue to give them support and they fail to survive, that's a different issue from pulling the support out from under them."

■ In the space of a few days last week, perhaps 200 people died as a consequence of various terrorist operations, and many more were wounded. In the Ma'alot incident, where Palestinian commandos brought about the mass slaughter of schoolchildren; in Lebanon, where Israeli jets dropped hundreds of tons of bombs in retaliation; in Dublin, where automobiles loaded with gelignite blew up amid a Friday afternoon rush-hour crowd; in Los Angeles, where six of the farcical kamikazes of the SLA met the violent end their behavior indicates they must have desired. The goal of the Palestinians was to strike through the schoolchildren at the delicate negotiations being conducted by Henry Kissinger. In this they failed. Despite the carnage, Kissinger kept the talks moving ahead, inching toward agreement. Amid the carnage and the insane rhetoric, Kissinger last week was a hero of civility and patience.

■ The third annual *[MORE]* Magazine A. J. Liebling counterconvention held in New York the weekend of May 11 may also be the last if you can trust the account of the *Washington Post*'s Judy Barhrach. (*[MORE]* is the left-slanted magazine that comments on other magazines.) *N. Y. Times* columnist Anthony Lewis, when pressed (by whom, one wonders) said "yes, he thought Richard Nixon was a war criminal"; Merle Miller (*Plain Speaking*) called movie critic Pauline Kael "the *New Yorker*'s answer to Lucrezia Borgia" (that was in a seminar on homosexuality); Alger Hiss and Murray Kempton found it dullsville; Kempton will never attend again, "I guess I really don't like John Oakes" (editorial page editor of the *N. Y. Times*). "On Saturday afternoon," wrote Miss Barhrach, "one had the choice of where to be most bored."

■ The truth is out now about devious American methods

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There's more to the news than meets the eye.
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U.S. Energy Goals Are Still Far Off As Supplies Rise
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House Panel To Subpoena More Tapes
The Awesome Task
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No U.S. or World Oil Shortage Is Seen This Year
Lower Consumption and Higher Prices Apparently Bring About Surplus
Mary McGrory
What Nixon Knew, and When, and What He Did: A View
Law, Order and Justice
Divorce, Italian Style...
Pete Hamill
Brinegar 'Shocked' By 'Mess'
No Fault

There is no lack of information on the headline-making news stories, be it Watergate, political corruption, Kissinger in the Mideast, Inflation, you name it. The important thing is the quality of the coverage. Exaggeration or misconception can be amusing on the sports page, but it's not so funny when you don't get the real facts about events that can and do influence your life, from interest rates to the way you cast your vote. You can't attend every legislative session, congressional hearing, and international parley, so you've got to accept someone's interpretation of most events.

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during the Vietnam war: for four long years in Southeast Asia the Americans not only didn't make love, they made rain. MADE RAIN. (Is Russell Means a crypto-CIA agent?) The current gripe is not so much about the method —it does not seem to have been very effective—but about the Pentagon's not revealing the information until now. There were many things wrong with the conduct of the war, and one of them was the excessive secrecy—a judgment held by many even before Watergate made it plain that sooner or later everybody knows everything. Sleeping gas may be an even kinder weapon than gentle rain dropping from heaven but, lacking such gas, the Army made rain, the timely revelation of which activity might have made the Army, under attack for all manner of barbarities, seem a little more humane instead of, as now, a little more devious.

■ This one's for you, Diogenes. Mr. George Mahin has resigned as assistant comptroller for the state of Illinois at twenty-seven-five per because he has run out of work. "The first year was a tremendous challenge," he says. "I was busy as hell. But now it's reached the point where there just isn't the work to justify the kind of salary I was being paid."

■ Malthusian projections don't worry Detroiters, who kill each other with a frequency that suggests the operation of an invisible hand, or at least trigger finger, working feverishly to offset the city's birthrate. Over 700 murders were recorded there last year, which broke the 1972 record, which in turn . . . Being a policeman in Detroit is dangerous work, and will remain so—yet fewer policemen will die next year. Why? Because the city's police department has been convicted of discriminatory hiring practices, and must henceforth hire *exactly* as many women as men. That is not a typo, but a court ruling. Perhaps—one can only hope—Detroit's drunks, thugs, pushers, fanatics, and bank robbers will be more discriminating than its judges.

■ Listen closely, Abe Beame. You never know when the spark of progress far away will kindle reforms at home. It seems that Mr. Ljubomir Lazarevic, a councilman in Belgrade, Yugoslavia, has proposed a city ordinance requiring cab drivers to undergo psychiatric examination before obtaining a license. Lazarevic argued that those who perform public services should be mentally stable. Unfortunately, for reasons not clear to us (perhaps the moon was full), the Belgrade council refused to adopt the measure.

■ The politicians are muttering a lot about windfall profits taxes, their way of saying that any profits to be made by their screwing up are *theirs*. A particularly cheesy idea, even in Washington. What the country needs is a negative windfall profits tax, to reimburse the millions of individuals and businesses who have lost their shirts when the politicians screwed up.

■ "Good afternoon, editorial department . . . yessir . . . yes, I remember the item about wasteful federal spending, yes, the issue before last . . . yessir . . . some World War I emergency bureau called the Interdepartmental Screw Thread Committee spending a quarter of a million dollars a year . . . yessir, not funny? . . . well, I don't know why the editors— . . . yessir . . . why the editors might have thought it was foolish . . . yessir . . . maybe they thought the World War I emergency was over . . . yes, I'll be sure to tell the editors what you think . . . I'm sure it was no reflection on the screw threading business . . . yessir . . . yessir . . . . . ."

■ INDIAN DILEMMA: it's fun having a nuclear bomb but where on earth can you drop it without killing a cow?

Nixon Interview

In the exclusive interview he granted to columnist James Jackson Kilpatrick, the President reiterated his assertion that he would not resign, no doubt the central point of the interview as far as Mr. Nixon was concerned. Nevertheless, in the interstices of the interview, some interesting statements were made.

Mr. Nixon termed himself both a conservative and a "Wilsonian." He has always claimed to admire Woodrow Wilson, but in his present circumstance that relationship acquires darker overtones. Woodrow Wilson's postwar plans fell afoul of the Senate, and his career ended as a political and personal tragedy. Does Mr. Nixon view his own contest with the Senate, surely forthcoming, as a replay of the Wilson agony? Or as a replay on an even grander scale? So it seems. A few minutes later, Mr. Nixon unfurled the following apocalyptic vision. "We have one of those times when certain forces are coming together that may never come together again. We must seize this moment. If we do not seize it, the world will inevitably move to a conflagration that will destroy everything that we've made—everything this civilization has produced." Thus Wilson's failure in the Senate led to World War II? Thus Mr. Nixon's failure, if it occurs, will lead to the entire collapse of a civilization? The hints of grandiosity here are more chilling than the substance of his apocalyptic fantasy.

Mr. Nixon was more reassuring when he stated his position on resignation. If he should resign now, "knowing that I am not guilty of any offense under the Constitution that is called an impeachable offense," it would permanently weaken the institution of the Presidency. That, if one concedes the premise, and it may be a valid premise, is a defensible and honorable position.

"Once he raised his voice in anger when I [Kilpatrick] suggested that the President's associates might have 'betrayed' him by failing to keep him informed: 'I'm not going to indulge in a conversation with you or anybody else condemning men who have given very great service

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to this country.' Otherwise he reacted even to sharp questions with quiet good humor." Later he remarked: "I cut off one arm, then the other arm, and April of 1973 was about as rugged a period as anybody could be through." In purely personal terms, these are moving statements. The President's loyalty to Haldeman and Ehrlichman remains intense.

Not at all surprisingly, as Kilpatrick observes, the President "looked his full 60 years. . . . Mr. Nixon's conversation tends to run off on tangents."

Sellout

The Senate Antitrust Subcommittee had scheduled hearings on a bill to bring labor unions within the scope of the antitrust laws. The hearings were dropped at the last moment, according to the *Wall Street Journal*, "because the U.S. Chamber of Commerce and the National Association of Manufacturers proved reluctant to testify." Actually, neither NAM nor the Chamber of Commerce was scheduled to testify in the first place. Those who were planning to testify received a phone call from the Chamber of Commerce urging them not to testify. The Chamber and the Business Roundtable also put pressure on the bill's author, Senator Strom Thurmond, to "postpone" the hearings—indefinitely. The reason given was that a pending antitrust suit against a group of construction unions might be jeopardized by a clarification of congressional intent arising from the hearings. Yet any court victory in the context of obscure congressional intent would surely prove ephemeral, since the unions would pressure Congress to change the laws. That would leave us, after a couple of years of legal battles, right back where we started. Another possible explanation is that big industry likes industrywide bargaining, which a) prevents some firms from gaining a cost advantage over those who give in easily under pressure, and b) eliminates smaller competitors and the prospect of new entrants (e.g., newspapers, automobiles, textiles). The idea of a joint union-industry cartel ganging up on consumers may defy orthodox notions about "collective bargaining," but how else can one explain organized industry's reluctance to bring organized labor under the same rules that apply to industry itself?

Drooling-Fang Militarist?

Elmo Zumwalt, soon to retire as Chief of Naval Operations, is often and very fancifully portrayed by his critics as enigmatic—a result of his now-famous "Z-gram" directives liberalizing (Zumwalt himself prefers "modernizing") Navy regulations, juxtaposed with his uncompromisingly sober evaluation of Soviet military intentions. Zumwalt admits that "there's a good deal of indecision as to whether I'm a drooling-fang militarist or a bleeding-heart liberal."

Sample (from a recent *Playboy* interview): "At this moment, I consider that the Soviets have a possible first strike capability, whereas we do not. . . . Russia's Communist ideology is expansionist. [To quote from Brezhnev] 'we Communists have got to string along with the capitalists for a while. We need their agriculture and their technology. But we're going to continue massive military programs, and by the middle Eighties we will be in a position to return to a much more aggressive foreign policy designed to gain the upper hand in our relationship with the West '." Such statements by Brezhnev are not spoken lightly—nor are those by Zumwalt. But we do not have to wait until the mid-1980s. The Soviet Union has been simply outbuilding the U.S. in naval power at an annual rate of 3.5 to 1. "Their ability to deny us the sea lanes, which is their job, is greater than our capability to keep the sea lanes open, which is our job."

Detente? SALT I? SALT II? "Though at the present time our intelligence apparatus has no information that they have cheated, the Soviets have never failed to cheat when they believed they could get away with it."

Defense Secretary Schlesinger last year referred to Zumwalt as a far-sighted intellectual in the Joint Chiefs of Staff, yet, of late, has relegated the Admiral to the status of a grumbling "alarmist." Since Zumwalt's interview, Schlesinger found it necessary to issue his own report, designed to subdue consciences and still the "alarm." It points to the severe liability of the Soviet fleet, its age—and issues a wishful promise for future naval equilibrium.

Admiral Zumwalt's final "Z-gram" will give the President and the Congress a much-needed cold shower during this warm and lazy weather of detente—and perhaps they will cease to wrangle insensate during the continuing decline of our Navy.

Profiting from Paranoia

Discussions of the oil business continue to deteriorate from poor to foolish. The media were again outraged by the "staggering" increase in oil company profits in the

The Rake's Progress

Sri Lanka, formerly Ceylon,
Is "going" (if it hasn't "gone")
Because, by government decree,
The rice and education's free:
Moreover, business, which they *hate*,
Is confiscated by the state;
So there's no rush to reinvest
By tycoon-types from East or West.
You'd think this bleak catastrophe
Would ring bells inside Kennedy.

W. H. VON DREELE

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first quarter. Attention was focused on Occidental Petroleum's profits which had risen, according to *Time*, "a stunning 718 per cent." But Occidental (as well as Continental) is a major coal producer, and the price of coal has risen far more rapidly than that of domestic crude oil. Half of Occidental's sales are overseas, and only 2 per cent of the crude oil Occidental sold here came from its own domestic wells. Occidental sells virtually no refined oil products here, but the company did very well on sales of chemicals, fertilizer, and gold. Profits of Occidental's oil and gas division rose 54 per cent internationally, but sales were up far more—so that profits per dollar of sales actually went down from 3.7 to 2.5 per cent. After a sizable loss in 1971 and a pathetic 1.3 per cent return on stockholder equity in 1972, Occidental's return rose to 9 per cent last year. Expressed as a percentage increase over 1972 (rather than as a 56 per cent decline in total profits from 1970) that looked impressive in the editorials. But it pales in comparison with the 14 per cent return of the *New York Times*, or the 14.7 per cent return of the *Washington Post*. No major oil company matched the 18.5 per cent return of CBS last year.

If the diagnoses of oil profits are superficial, the prescriptions are worse. The *New York Times* favors a windfall profits tax with no exemption for reinvestment. In spite of price increases, says the *Times*, "domestic crude production has scarcely increased" and "refinery runs are lower." Apparently, nobody told them that it takes time to find and produce oil, and that refineries can't run flat out until this happens. The number of drilling rigs at work increased 12.6 per cent in January, 20.3 per cent in February, and 30.3 per cent in March.

Among those profiteering from oil, one certainly should mention foreign and domestic governments. What our government gives in income tax breaks it takes away in excise, production, severance, property, and ad valorem taxes. Over the past five years, according to a Chase Manhattan study of 30 oil companies, direct domestic taxes increased by $1,343 million compared with a profit gain of $441 million. Excise taxes on oil in 1973 were $10.1 billion in the U.S. and $16.3 billion abroad. All governments, foreign and domestic, claimed $172.7 billion from oil in the past five years, while profits totaled $39.2 billion. Like any other cost of doing business, the bulk of such taxes is ultimately paid by consumers.

Senator Henry Jackson, on the other hand, is concerned because "prices that are too high . . . will encourage wasteful investment." We're in danger, apparently, of having too much domestic oil. Similarly, *The New Republic* is groping for "the actual per-barrel cost of bringing oil to the surface, transporting it, and the rest." Once we have the magic number, you see, it can be enshrined in law. But the cost *varies*, just as it costs more to produce wheat from poor soil than from rich soil. The industry's production will expand into less accessible sources of oil only if the addition to costs does not exceed the addition to revenues (price). More oil is available at higher prices than at lower prices.

Consumer Reports properly attributes our oil problems to government regulations, and then somehow suggests "regulating the oil industry as a public utility." Christopher Rand, in the *New York Times*, suggests that we should first remove private incentives to expand production, and then the government must be prepared "to enter the business of importing, storing, and refining crude oil." Higher taxes are apparently considered preferable to higher prices. Not to be outflanked, economist Robert Lekachman and the Minnesota AFL-CIO both favor "nationalization of the petroleum industry." After all, that certainly "fixed" Britain's coal industry. Michael Kennedy, in *Commonweal*, advocates "forcing the government to make drastic reforms, such as reducing the population, over a 50-year period, from 200 million to 100 million."

Then there are the trust busters. Representative Les Aspin says, "our policy should be to break up the oil industry, above all by requiring that the functions of production, refining, transport by pipeline, and marketing each be performed by independent companies." Aspin failed to explain why adding mark-ups and bottlenecks at each stage of production and distribution would help to lower prices or increase supplies. Few have noticed the irony of having the FTC, of all agencies, trying to impose its idea of "competition" on the oil industry. The FTC has invariably acted on its mandate to protect inefficient firms from "unfair" competition—i.e., low prices. The FTC has issued at least eight complaints against major oil companies for *reducing* the price of gasoline in the past.

Neo-New Antisemitism

A recent *NR* editorial ("The Week," March 29) took issue with a report of the Anti-Defamation League which purported to detect a "new antisemitism" in those who

Anticipation

Anticipating Christmas
  Starts earlier each year;
Anticipating dividends
  Is almost a career.
A clerk can't wait for Friday;
  Most generals, for war.
Anticipation's painful when
  They lock the Men's Room door.
Anticipation's often
  A fervent act of faith,
Like praying Fulbright gets it good
  On May the twenty-eighth.

W. H. von Dreele

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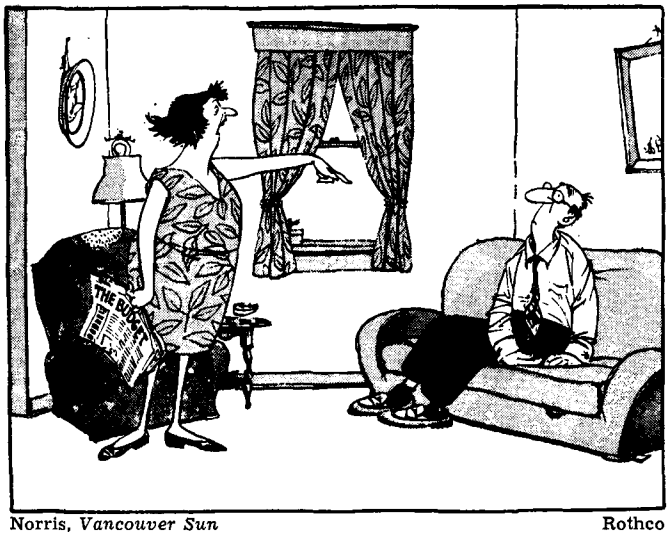

Norris, *Vancouver Sun* Rothco

"What bugs me is the government continually doing something for the little man and you always being not quite little enough . . ."

in one way or another fell short of total support for the state of Israel. In an important article in the May *Commentary*, Earl Raab returns to the theme with a certain theoretical depth, and by refining the ADL position attempts to salvage it. What Raab comes up with might be called the neo-new antisemitism.

He notes that the French Revolution and its aftermath granted full individual rights to European Jews, an emancipation generally regarded as *pro*-Jewish. The benefaction, however, was flawed. Though granting the individual Jew all the rights of the citizen, Europe "never really accepted the legitimacy of the corporate Jew. . . . That, for the Jews, was an impossible paradox, a secular version of the Christian demands to convert." The individual Jew might have the rights of the citizen, but the state did not legitimize the distinctive character and requirements of *Jews* as a group.

Raab finds that this circumstance persists into the present day, and most particularly as regards Israel—which, it turns out, he regards as one aspect of the "corporate Jew," though the individual Jew may also be an American citizen. Quoting David McReynolds (of the Committee for New Alternatives in the Middle East), who praises the Jewish "tradition of justice and compassion," but denounces "Zionism—a blind nationalism," Raab concludes: "There is a symmetry between the hostility expressed toward the legitimacy of Israel as a Jewish state and the hostility expressed toward the American Jewish community as a distinct ethnic group. . . . This is the new antisemitism in America."

Raab appears to be arguing that the West has obligations to Jews-as-a-group—as differentiated from individual Jews; and that Jews-as-a-group are organically connected with Israel, a position rejected by many Jewish leaders. It is, as applied to the United States, a position not without irony, proposing as it does to collapse a rigid distinction between church and state that Jewish groups have been in the forefront of asserting. Raab apparently proposes to make one exception to the First Amendment.

The question of Jewish identity is an intricate one, and Jews, having failed to resolve it to their own satisfaction, cannot blame others for applying the common perception to their case: namely, that religion and nationality are separate categories. Jewish leaders who follow Raab in imputing a "new antisemitism" to those who simply differ from them on matters of secular policy will emerge like those little old ladies who denounce sex education as "Communistic": they may have a certain tortured point, but they will not have much of an audience.

Gay Rights

At least ten American cities have now adopted one or another measure designed to assure the so-called civil rights of homosexuals and other deviants, and such legislation is now under consideration in New York City.

In its key passages, the New York bill contains the following language: "A city agency is hereby created with power to eliminate and prevent discrimination in employment, in places of public accommodation, resort or amusement, in housing accommodations, and in commercial space, because of race, creed, color, national origin, sexual orientation, or physical handicap, and take other action against discrimination because of race, creed, color, sexual orientation, or national origin, as herein provided." Such other action, for example, includes enlisting "the cooperation of the various racial and ethnic groups, community organizations, labor organizations, fraternal and benevolent organizations, and other groups, including those devoted to the eradication of prejudice based on a person's sexual orientation." The bill, it is important to note, describes discrimination based on a person's "sexual orientation" as resulting from "prejudice, intolerance, [or] bigotry."

The language of this bill, reflecting the avowed goals of various "gay liberation" organizations, would make homosexuality merely another lifestyle in the eyes of the law, and would both break down social resistance to it and stigmatize such resistance as "bigotry."

A similar measure, it is interesting to note, was recently put to the test of a referendum in Boulder, Colorado, and the voters rejected it by an overwhelming majority. If that expression of ordinary human feeling constituted prejudice, then it was prejudice in the Burkean sense of the word: the intuition of norms and assumptions that lie at the roots of Western civilization.

Though to some it may seem quaint to appeal to Scripture for the illumination of an ethical problem, nevertheless it will not be denied that Scripture is profoundly involved with the assumptions of the West. Scriptural insights can hardly be rejected lightly, within the spirit of the West. And it will be noted that both

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the Old and the New Testaments begin with *families*. When God perceived Adam's loneliness in the Garden, He did not choose Eve over a catamite by the toss of a coin. It will also be noted that both the original family in the Garden and the Holy Family of the Gospels are direct divine creations. The repetition of that pattern at the commencement of key founding documents of the West can hardly be supposed accidental.

It suggests that the family "was there from the beginning," at least so far as Western civilization is concerned; that the family is fundamental to the civilization of the West.

The religious foundations, the laws, the customs, and the ordinary human feeling of the West all testify to, support, and even celebrate that ethical fact. If custom and prejudice refuse to establish homosexuality and other deviations as the full equals of the family, then they reflect those root civilizational assumptions.

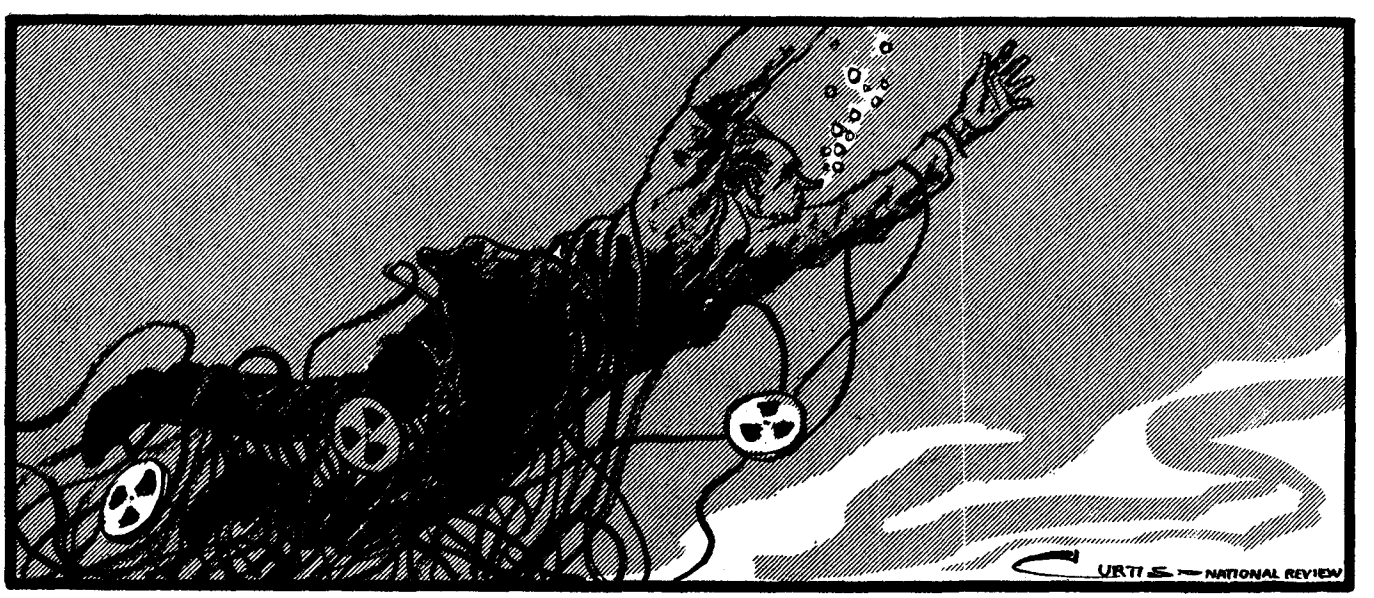
In actuality, discreet homosexuals probably suffer a minimum of discrimination. These homosexual "rights" bills are, accordingly, really a form of ideological assault, rather than humanitarian measures. They strike, and they mean to strike, at fundamental ethical assumptions. But that, you may have noticed, is true more often than not of liberal measures.

Housing Muddle

The housing market is a classic example of how government regulations and favors generate problems leading to more regulations and favors. First, government agencies did everything possible to make housing expensive. They imposed restrictive building codes and licensing laws to strengthen the monopoly of construction unions, and passed the Davis-Bacon Act to ensure that the highest union wage was paid on all government-funded jobs. Second, each time the unions used these powers with a vengeance, the government responded to the resulting unemployment by expanding the money supply and thereby lowered the purchasing power of prospective house hunters. Third, legal ceilings were placed on mortgage interest rates, and savings institutions were prohibited from competing effectively with commercial banks [see "Five Per Cent and a Toaster," *NR*, August 31, 1973]. Because of this, and the legal ceiling on interest paid to small savers, prospective mortgage customers were prohibited from bidding against other borrowers (especially Uncle Sam) for the available funds. The effect—money flowing out of mortgage markets—becomes most obvious each time inflation accelerates, and is quite wrongly attributed to "tight money."

Having killed the housing business, the government began to nationalize the remains. In 1950-59, there were an average of 1,505,000 housing starts a year—2.7 per cent of which were federally subsidized. In 1970, federally subsidized starts accounted for 29.4 per cent of the total of 1,467,000. Nearly all of the ever-expanding variety of housing subsidies are for ownership of new housing rather than rental or purchase of used housing. This factor alone effectively eliminates most low-income families as potential beneficiaries. Urban renewal, and the ban on FHA loans on houses painted before the 1971 ban on lead-based paint, sharply reduced the supply of low-income housing, thus driving up its price. As a partial remedy, a small number of ugly "public housing" boxes, using prison architecture, were built, at more than twice the cost of the average home. Public housing is allotted by a form of lottery, where 7 per cent of those eligible get the equivalent of a 30 per cent increase in their incomes. The rest pay taxes to aid these 7 per cent. Those who get into public housing are immobilized—tied to their assigned slums.

Now, the Nixon Administration plans to provide up to $10.3 billion for those lucky enough to obtain low-interest mortgages for the purchase of new houses. The *Washington Post* worries that "high interest rates . . . make the housing inflation worse, because they force



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down the rate at which new houses are built." But a fall in supply induced by a fall in demand does not raise the price. That is like saying that if houses don't sell at the existing terms, the price will have to go up. In fact, builders who can offer the subsidized below-market mortgage rate can easily command a higher price for their homes. So most of the money will again wind up in the pockets of well-paid construction workers, builders, mortgage lenders, and realtors. Which is, of course, the political intent.

George Jackson Did It

In August 1971, George Jackson, "Soledad Brother," was killed in an abortive escape attempt at San Quentin prison and instantly became a martyred saint for the American Left. His prison letters proved a top seller. He and Angela Davis did a turn as the Abelard and Heloise of the New Left. A few days after Jackson's death, Tom Wicker indulged in a virtual ecstasy: "A talented writer, a sensitive man, a potential leader and political thinker of great persuasiveness . . ."

At the time of his death, Jackson was awaiting trial for the murder of a guard in Soledad prison. His admirers generally assumed that he was innocent of the charge, and many insisted that the San Quentin break had been staged by the authorities in order to kill him.

In its May 16 issue, the *Village Voice* carries a story which amazingly—or, perhaps, not amazingly—has attracted very little attention. Greg Armstrong, the editor of Jackson's book *Soledad Brother*, has revealed the existence of a tape on which Jackson confesses to the murder of the guard. Armstrong, who is publishing a book about his relationship to Jackson, also says that Jackson planned the San Quentin escape attempt. "He always wanted to confess to the murder of the guard," Armstrong says. "Actually, it would be more precise, to take credit for it. The same is true for the events at Marin." That last refers to the fact that Jackson planned the abortive kidnapping at the Marin County Court House in which several people, including the judge and Jackson's brother, were killed. "I haven't shed a tear," said Jackson, "because I am so proud."

Mr. Armstrong, who appears to be nothing if not candid, also says that Jackson's admirers on the Left perpetrated a kind of deception that helped to kill him. Jackson actually believed that a Communist revolution was imminent in the United States. "In a curious way," says Armstrong, "we all helped imprison him in his dream of revolution by not telling him the truth. We never dared to wake him up from his dream, and in the end it was his dream that killed him."

Jackson's last words at San Quentin were "the dragon has come . . ." He was quoting from a poem by Ho Chi Minh: "When the prison gates are open, the real dragons will fly out." An ironic story, not without poignancy, and replete with deception and self-deception.

Curing the Criminal

Should prisons rehabilitate? The question has received a new twist in Connecticut, where a state prison has lately paroled nine convicted child molesters who have submitted to an experimental behavior modification program. The 12-week program uses mild electrical shock and other "aversive" techniques to cure the subjects of their lust for children. So far, none of the parolees, who have been free for as long as 11 months, is known to have repeated his offense, and another inmate, soon to be released, says the program, though unpleasant, has been both painless and successful. "Children are not sexual objects to me anymore," he asserts.

The program is of course voluntary, but objections have naturally been raised. "It's inherently coercive," charges William Olds of the Connecticut Civil Liberties Union. "There's no such thing as a real volunteer in a prison, especially when a prisoner knows participating may enhance his chances for parole." If this is so, then by the same token prisoners should not receive time off for good behavior either. But why deny, in the name of liberty, the penitent convict who really wants to be rid of an inclination to one of the most loathsome of perversions? "Also," Olds goes on, "it's unproven, and we're concerned about the danger of releasing pedophiles into the community on the basis of something like this." A much better point, and how wonderfully reassuring to hear it made by the leader of an organization that usually turns livid *en masse* when a murderer is treated brusquely by his arresting officer. An ACLU official, Alvin Bronstein, objects that such techniques have "a tremendous potential for abuse." True; so does all power; which is why it must be exercised prudently, with all reasonable safeguards. But this program also seems to have a tremendous potential for good, for real rehabilitation, far beyond any yet shown by sociological homilies and prison study groups; and that is why it should not be hastily forsworn.

Samuel B. Pettengill, R I P

Samuel B. Pettengill was elected to Congress from Indiana in 1930, and he served until 1939 as a Democrat. But in 1937 he became the leader of opposition to Roosevelt's court-packing plan and in 1939 voluntarily retired from Congress, choosing not to serve in Washington under Roosevelt. He labored, during the years until his retirement, as a publicist, and supported himself by the practice of law. Pettengill believed in a strict interpretation of the Constitution and in balanced budgets, and saw the grave danger the New Deal presented in state control over the economy. He believed government regulation would end in either absurdity or tyranny, and when he died recently at the age of 88 he surely knew how right he had been.

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Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In the May 10, 1974 issue of *NR*, page 521, you corrected Eric C. Olin's sentence: "Please rectify this grave *lapis linguae*." Your part sentence was: ". . . and it's *lapsus* . . ."

Since this word is lapsus, m.,4—shouldn't the correction have been in the accusative case—laps*um*? "Please rectify this laps*um* linguae." Sincerely,

Theodore L. Mayhew
Boston Latin School, '23
The Pingry School
Elizabeth, N.J.

P.S. Director of public relations and alumni affairs.

You mean, director of alumnorum affairs? Cordially,
—WFB

■ Memo to: WFB
From: Priscilla

Our readers would probably like to know that Don Coxe [a former staffer, and now Canadian correspondent] is running for Parliament in the Wellington South Riding in a three-way race for the seat of a resigning Tory member of Parliament. And that Philip McCombs [also a former staffer] is working for the *Washington Post* in Saigon as Bureau Chief. He spent time there recently with the Vietcong, and told them about the folks back at the *Post*, to whom they presumably sent their love.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Since Mr. Murphy of California has contributed a comb, possibly your hair looks neater. I will send you a tie to replace that "string" that is otherwise used as a necktie. Even so we all love you. Sincerely,

Paul J. Mahar, M.D.
Youngstown, Ohio

Doc: String ties is like old times for me, you know, like the pre-HEW medicine. Cordially, —WFB

■ Dear Bill:

A chap whose name lingers in my memory as John Williams made a determined telephone solicitation from Washington the other night, to get me to renew my *Bulletin* (*NR*) subscription. I protested that I had been on the free list since the *Bulletin*'s inception. This he appeared to think improbable. He had a very soft voice and I missed portions of his response, but when he seemed unwilling to let the matter drop I finally let my adrenalin get the better of me and advised him to cancel the damn thing. It is not that he was the least bit tactless (so far as I know), it is merely that I have a short fuse for telephone solicitations. But it does strike me that, given the probable percentage of renewals obtained thereby, long distance calls must be economically counterproductive, no? I have no fear of the *Bulletin* ceasing to arrive, deeming as I do the subscription dept.'s computer immune to Mr. Williams' memos as it so frequently is to more pertinent commands. As ever,

Hugh Kenner
Johns Hopkins

■ Dear William F.,

I've been receiving mail from you for some time and I feel it's only right that I should reply. You see, we have much in common. We're both extremely bright and extremely charming. I'd marry you William F., except that I am only 16. Also, there's a prodigious difference in our politics: I am a Liberal and you are a conservative. However, if you'd be willing to indulge in a bit of mendacity, you could pretend to be a Liberal and I could pretend to be older. Of course, the other alternative is that I could pretend to be a conservative and you could pretend to be younger.

I would, because of my great admiration for you, subscribe to *NR*; however I am saving all my money for college, and I am able to read it at school without cost.

I am planning on music as my major (we also share a love for Baroque music), but politics is my second love. Should I ever decide to run for office I would like you to be my speechwriter. If you could not bring yourself to write for a Liberal, perhaps you could just send me a few of your lovely words. Love,

Wendy Dinnen
19500 Romar Street
Northridge, Cal.

P.S. I have never proposed to anyone before, and I wish to be taken seriously.

Dear Wendy: I am already spoken for, but why not approach Justice Douglas? Better hurry, or he'll think you too old. Love, **—WFB**

Indira the Nonviolent

First she zapped the Pakistanis,
All the while professing peace;
Then she zonked the railroad union,
With assists from her police.
Recently, she (boom!) exploded
"A plutonium device."
Calling it a nasty weapon
Isn't, says the lady, nice.

W. H. von Dreele

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Menacing Words

ON JUNE 20, 1972, three days after the fateful Watergate break-in, White House chief-of-staff H. R. Haldeman met with his chief, President Nixon, to discuss (as Haldeman's notes on the meeting reveal) a "pr offensive" to distract attention from Watergate. We probably never will know what they said because 18 and a half minutes of the subpoenaed tape of that conversation were destroyed by a series of at least five manually administered erasures. But we know something about how Mr. Haldeman prepared for the meeting and what he probably knew going into it.

The day before, Mr. Haldeman had called Jeb Stuart Magruder, his protegé, whom he had placed as deputy director of the Committee to Reelect the President. In a book due out in a few weeks, Mr. Magruder describes the call.

" 'Do you think this phone is safe?' he [Haldeman] began.

" 'I don't know. I guess so.'

" 'OK. What happened?'

"Haldeman was as brisk and businesslike as ever. I told him what I knew about McCord's arrest, the Cubans, the money, and so on. . . ." Mr. Magruder says in his book that he then discussed with Mr. Haldeman the plan for John Mitchell to lie about the relationship of burglar McCord to the Committee, his employer. Then Mr. Magruder advised Mr. Haldeman that Mr. Mitchell planned to send Robert Mardian (a senior Committee official) back to Washington to take charge of the coverup. Mr. Haldeman vetoed the idea: "No, the President doesn't trust Mardian. You come back and take charge." In his book Mr. Magruder concludes this episode by noting that he assumed throughout the conversation that Mr. Haldeman knew about the planning of the break-in and nothing in the conversation caused him to alter that assumption. This portion of Mr. Magruder's book has appeared in the *New York Times Magazine* (May 19). Mr. Haldeman certainly has read these menacing words. They tell him what Magruder is thinking, what mood he is in, and what he has been telling investigators.

Mr. Haldeman (like his former boss) must spend a lot of time wondering how he ever managed to have such bad judgment in selecting accomplices. Mr. Magruder has been a threat to him since at least January 1973. Testifying before the Senate Watergate Committee last June Mr. Magruder explained the purpose of a meeting he had with Mr. Haldeman in January 1973: "I think my main purpose . . . was to just indicate that there were a number of people involved and that in case people's memory was growing short I hoped he realized it was not myself or any other single individual who was involved in this coverup." He was reminding his former sponsor, Mr. Haldeman, that Mr. Haldeman knew they were all in the soup together, and he had no intention of being a scapegoat. Not even the scrambled syntax could hide the menace contained in those words, "in case people's memory was growing short . . ."

TODAY menacing words are everywhere as Watergate books pour into the marketplace even before the trials begin.

For example, Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, the two young *Washington Post* reporters whose investigation cracked open the coverup, have just published *All the President's Men*, which is on the way to the bestseller list, where it deserves at least as long a stay as *I'm OK, You're OK*. It reads like a detective story because that is what it is, and it has Washingtonians contentedly chewing on a puzzle: who is Deep Throat? "Deep Throat" is Mr. Woodward's code name for the source who frequently met him in the wee small hours of the morning in deserted downtown Washington garages to point the reporters toward new leads. Deep Throat obviously was highly placed: he seems to have had access (he may still have it; he may still be in whatever position he was in) to information from the White House, the Committee, the Justice Department, the FBI. The remarkable Mr. Throat even warned Mr. Woodward that at least one of the tapes the White House would release would contain deliberate erasures.

Toward the end of their book, in an episode that (I confidently predict) reviewers will not dwell upon, Messrs. Woodward and Bernstein recount a brief collision with Henry Kissinger. The episode is on pages 312 to 316 of the Simon and Schuster hardcover edition and reveals more about Mr. Kissinger's character than is revealed in all the books yet written or apt to be written about him. The episode is short, but too long to reproduce here, and should not be excerpted. Read it, if necessary standing in your favorite and most tolerant bookstore. It should prompt this observation. If you think the Washington media are voracious in their thirst for blood, and will not rest easy until they have shredded every warm body in the Nixon Administration, then how do you explain Mr. Kissinger's remarkable immunity? How do you explain the fact that the press has not (to put it gently) fastened terrier-like on the apparent contradictions between Mr. Kissinger's sworn testimony regarding his knowledge about the White House "Plumbers" and what is now accepted as established facts about his knowledge?

Of course the most important Watergate books are the two paperback editions of the edited transcripts of Mr. Nixon's conversations. Judging solely from how many are being sold (which, of course, is no measure of how many are being read, in whole or even in substantial part), the transcripts are a smash success. The paperback editions may sell three million copies.

The most you can confidently say (and it is, come to think about it, rather a lot) is this: people who read enough of the transcripts to get their distinctive savor are apt to be tolerant of a congressman who thinks the whole mess ought to be settled in a full Senate trial. That is why Mr. Nixon, who would be through this nightmare by now were it not for some electronic taping gadgetry, must regret the invention of movable type. □

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THE FRENCH ELECTIONS

Onward and Backward from Gaullism

NICHOLAS KING

PARIS—The election of Valéry Giscard d'Estaing as President of the Republic for seven years ushers France—and Western Europe—decisively into a new period not so very different at first sight from the between-the-wars period of the Twenties and Thirties. Giscard's victory may have been narrow. But gone is Gaullism, for better or worse, with the sudden death of Pompidou (sudden for our time, when statesmen usually give up before they reach a state which prevents them even from attending cabinet meetings); gone is the France that was the enfant terrible of the world stage; and back are the preoccupations of the post-Depression years—wage scales, social peace, and guaranteed European investment. If we needed anything further to set our sights straight, across the Rhine Helmut Schmidt, another finance man, now rules in Bonn.

General de Gaulle's doctrine of Europe "from the Atlantic to the Urals" suited his quasi-imperial progresses, to what he considered the satisfying discomfiture of the State Department, among others. Giscard is a Gaullist in that he profited fully from the General's authority to prosecute his financial designs, which are aimed at restoring the strength of the franc and at bringing back on a wide scale those "*signes extérieurs de richesse*" so beloved by the French tax collectors. Giscard was not a dyed-in-the-wool Gaullist in the blind or historical sense. He even preferred to keep his distance from the Gaullists as a party by leading a group known as the Independent Republicans, a title which seems to keep a reassuring foot in the Fourth Republic through a supposed collection of small town lawyers, country doctors, and all kinds of warhorse Fourth Republic politicians who if they did not end up being known as "papa" could at least claim to be over 80 years old. Giscard himself, being relatively young, has the glamor and even the dash to keep regime appearances rolling. He is photographed at shoots at a large chateaux, and once rode the *métro* in Paris dressed only in a sweater and pants to show what an informal figure he actually is. But it will be on his financial acumen and experience—he was Finance Minister for many Gaullist years—that his performance will be judged. The development of the Common Market has brought greater prosperity and stability to France, but much of it was won by insistent table-banging on the part of the old General. Now Britain is in the Common Market too—and Britain is another country with some imperial hangovers. It will be very much harder for French business, and in particular French agriculture, to rule the roost.

At home, too, the French public will

Langdon, *Punch* Rotheo

be wanting more—better planning, more social services, more transport, more housing, more accessible recreation—and without very much higher taxes. The Quai d'Orsay will continue to promote the export of French education and culture. But whether the Sahara oil deals, which are the proudest examples of French cultural colonialism, continue to amount to much depends to a large extent on the scene outside France and Algeria.

And Mitterrand? Well, Mitterrand. As the Houdini of the Fourth Republic, the heart and soul of every left wing escapade, it was difficult for him to represent anything in the Fifth. And what left wing in the Fifth was he talking about? The Communists may still be powerful numerically in France, and they are doubtless moderately recognizable allies of the revolutionary thunderclaps of the past. But unless the average young Frenchman of 1974 sees the cindered ghost of Maurice Thorez as the burning ghost of his dead grandfather, the Communists are heading toward the campfire, not the bonfire. The present CP leadership under Marchais is just not for burning. In fact seldom does a survey of the French scene suggest so little dynamic activity. And yet it was only six years ago that Gaullism itself was imperiled—and Paris almost burned—by riots that erupted across the city.

Giscard's Style

Today, France is frankly committed to the good life. Open any French popular magazine and see the articles about "secondary residences," pleasure boats, big cars, expensive entertaining, decorating, and the rest. And it is clear that Mitterrand was promising no ideological austerity; in any case, *Humanité-Dimanche*, the big Communist Sunday showcase, is every bit as consumer conscious, and purse proud, as its bourgeois rivals.

It is doubtful however that Giscard will be able to exercise the almost operatic style of power asserted by de Gaulle and also to a certain extent by Pompidou. As the desirable things in life are seen to depend less and less on personal flamboyance and stinging history lessons, and more and more on tax revenues, the national legislators will tend to resume their traditional non-Fifth Republic role as the *caissières* of the regime: "who wants my purse wants something, everything; 'tis ours, not yours . . ." □

Mr. King, a journalist who spent a number of years in France, was in Paris shortly before the runoff.

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A PROPOSAL

National Health Insurance Made Easy

WILLIAM E. BROCK

DURING THE NEXT few years, there will be much debate over the appropriateness of having the Federal Government provide health insurance to all Americans. The debate will founder and sputter at times, grow heated and emotional at times, not over the central issue of whether this is properly a task of government, but over the confusing multiplicity of plans offered. At least six major plans are under serious consideration.

Let's put aside the very important question of whether government should be involved and discuss the essential preliminary question of the criteria for a sound governmental plan. Any health plan should have at least the following five characteristics:

1. It should be simple.
2. It should work for all the people, including those unable to compete in the labor market.
3. It should operate so as to minimize administrative and overhead costs.
4. It should be efficient, should get the most for the actuarial costs.
5. It should not add a gross burden to the taxpayer.

Of the major plans now being suggested, none meets more than three of the criteria. Here is the skeleton of my proposal and an examination of it with reference to each criterion. I leave the most difficult, but most important, part of the analysis to the last.

My plan would be administered through the Internal Revenue Service. In essence, four lines would be added to the annual personal income tax form:

A. Annual medical expense _____
B. 10 per cent of Adjusted Gross Income _____
C. If A exceeds B, subtract B from A _____
D. Take 90 per cent of C _____

The amount shown on line D would be refunded to the taxpayer. The net annual real cost to him would be line A *minus* line D.

How Does It Stand Up?

How does my plan stand up against the five criteria mentioned above?

1. That the plan is simple need not be discussed at any length. Just compare this with any of the alternatives. Obviously, the definition of what constitutes medical expenses is difficult, e.g., should dental or psychiatric care be included? But this would be equally true of any plan.

2. Two problems arise in making the plan workable for those unable to participate in the labor market. First, they will not ordinarily file an income tax return. Second, heavy medical expenses arising in, say, January would not be refunded for a year, and the medical facilities should not have to wait that long to get their money. These difficulties can be handled very easily.

Everyone who has medical expenses would file a return. Since line B would equal zero for those who would not otherwise file, a simple 90 per cent refund would be made on all medical expenses. Second, if expenses were heavy early in the year, a quarterly report would be filed, just as some people now file a quarterly report of estimated income.

It may seem that even 10 per cent of medical expenses could be a burden to a family below the poverty level. For example, a family with an income of $3,000 annually and medical expenses of $5,000 would still have to pay $770 out of pocket. We will return to this point.

3. That the plan would not be excessively expensive administratively is also clear. Paper work for physicians would decline from present levels. Most people would not be involved in any given year since health expenses rarely exceed 10 per cent of income. Consequently, the physicians would merely bill patients as usual. Among those who are involved, only a portion would have their expenses questioned; consequently, only for these would physicians have to make out any report.

The administrative work for individuals would also be minimal. They would collect their medical bills and submit copies with their tax returns. There would be no additional forms to prepare. The IRS would assume a new responsibility, but a relatively simple one. In addition to checking arithmetic they would contact those health facilities whose bills were questionable. No new administrative office need be established.

4. The fourth criterion is complex. We must explain precisely what constitutes efficiency in this case. What, in effect, does it mean to get the most for the actuarial cost? To understand this concept, I turn to the Nobel Prize winning economist Kenneth J. Arrow. Here is a simplified account of his analysis.

People desire insurance because they dislike gambling. We can put this in stark mathematical terms. Suppose an individual has the option of playing a game or not playing. If he does not play, he will receive $100. If he plays and wins he will receive $110. If he plays and loses he will receive $90. The odds on winning or losing are 50-50, which is to say, even.

People who don't like to gamble won't play. They are said to be risk averse. They prefer getting $100 for sure

Mr. Brock is the Republican Senator from Tennessee.

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to the gamble of getting either $110 or $90. As the stakes increase, the dislike of the gamble increases for these risk averse people. They *greatly* prefer getting $100 to the game in which winning yields $200 and losing yields nothing.

Now let's get back to our health insurance plan and compare it to an actuarially identical plan which pays the insured on a different basis. (An actuarial cost equals the number of people covered by a plan multiplied by the average payment to each person.)

Suppose that the average medical expense is $200 for families whose annual income is $1,000. For our plan, Plan X, lines A, B, and C would look like this:

A. Annual medical expense	$200
B. 10 per cent of Adjusted Gross Income	$100
C. Subtract B from A	$100

If line D were 100 per cent the insured would receive a $100 refund. For the sake of exposition, we temporarily assume D to be 100 per cent.

Consider an alternative plan, Plan Y, which pays the insured 50 per cent of all covered medical expense. (This may seem appealing at first since it begins to pay with the first dollar of medical expense.) Since the average expense is $200, half of that is $100. The average insured receives the same under both plans.

But ordinarily a family will have expenses greater or less than the average. Consider two possibilities, that expenses come to $220, and that they come to $180. In the first instance, under Plan X, the tax return would read:

A. Annual medical expense	$220
B. 10 per cent of Adjusted Gross Income	$100
C. Subtract B from A	$120

The family gets $120 in refund. The final cost then is $100 (A minus C). Under the 50 per cent plan (Plan Y), the family gets $110 in refund and the final cost is $110. Clearly, the family is better off under Plan X.

Of course the other possibility, that the expense is $180, has the opposite result. Plan X still yields a final cost after refunding of $100. But the 50 per cent Plan Y yields $90 as the final cost.

By the very nature of the problem, a family does not know what the outcome will be. But under our plan, no matter what the expense, the final cost comes to $100. Under the alternative plan, the expense may be more or less. As we saw, those who are risk averse, who prefer insuring to gambling, must prefer our plan precisely because the risk or gamble is minimized. And this is the reason for insuring at all. We have the following necessary conclusion: *Plan X is preferred to Plan Y for exactly the same reason that people prefer having insurance to not having insurance.* If you prefer having insurance to not having insurance, you prefer our plan to any other.

5. The reader will notice that we have ignored line D of our original plan. That line calls for refunding only 90 per cent of the expenses of line C, not the 100 per cent we have just assumed in the example. In fact, if we were considering only the first four criteria for a health insurance plan, the 100 per cent refund would be ideal. But we must consider the fifth criterion as well: we do not want a plan that will add a gross burden to the taxpayer.

With a 100 per cent refund, any family whose medical costs equaled or exceeded 10 per cent of its income would have no motive not to incur additional, unnecessary medical expenses ad infinitum. Health facilities are a scarce resource and profligate use of them will drive their costs upward. People in acute need of medical attention would find long lines of patients who have no real need barring their way.

Recognizing this, we must point out that those who provide the insurance, the taxpayers, are also risk-averse. They cannot afford the risk of huge medical expenses eating up their taxes and their incomes. By imposing the 90 per cent limit on medical insurance, this risk is effectively neutralized. As an example, a family earning $20,000 annually that incurs a $10,000 annual medical expense will pay $2,000 (10 per cent of $20,000) plus $800 (10 per cent of the remaining $8,000), for a total cost of $2,800. Such a family would not lightly incur further costs unnecessarily given even a 10 per cent real burden. I.e., an additional $500 in medical expenses would cost the family $50 more.

The choice of 90 per cent rather than 95 per cent or 80 per cent is to a degree arbitrary. The figure must be low enough to prevent vast waste of medical resources. It would be totally self-defeating to have a plan which so clogged waiting lines in hospitals and physicians' offices that those critically in need of medical service were denied. It is for this reason that even the poor must be forced to pay for some small portion of their medical expenses. The only alternative would be effectively to destroy equity in the provision of a vital service.

Given the 90 per cent rule, the estimated cost to the taxpayer would be held to an additional 2 per cent of national income. That cost would be less were the 90 per cent reduced, but that would then operate so as to eliminate the basic advantage of the plan. Exactly how the 2 per cent would be raised remains an unresolved issue. The cost could be equally divided between employees and employers, or by any number of other devices. It is a secondary issue and could be managed in any number of ways. The important criteria again are simplicity, efficiency, and equity.

I have no high hopes that this analysis, as simple and as convincing as it seems to me, will end the debate. Political processes are not in all ways logical. But the burden of proof is now on those who offer complex and analytically muddled plans to rethink their case. Rethink, not emote. □

Insuring Against Above-Average Medical Expenses

	Plan X Deduct 10% of Income	Plan Y Deduct 50% of Expenses
Above Average		
Annual Medical Expenses	$ 220	$ 220
Less Deduction	100	110
Insurance Pays	120	110
Average		
Annual Medical Expenses	200	200
Less Deduction	100	100
Insurance Pays	100	100
Below Average		
Annual Medical Expenses	180	180
Less Deduction	100	90
Insurance Pays	80	90

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The same people who brought you the railroad mess, the chicken shortage, and beef scarcity would like to get their regulatory hands on the energy problem—before it gets better

Whale Oil, Baby Chicks, and Energy

WALTER B. WRISTON

ANYONE in our society whose eyesight and hearing are not totally impaired is likely to believe that we are on a collision course with Doomsday. Certainly the energy shortage has produced no scarcity in the rhetoric of crisis. Considering the amount of time and space devoted to predictions of impending disaster, it would appear that the media have sought to validate a variation on Gresham's law: bad news drives out good.

The compulsion of the media to turn every scrap of bad news into a full-blown crisis distorts our perspective. The media neglect to remind us that troubles may be news, but they are by no means new. This negative emphasis ignores the decisive role of human ingenuity in a free society. One of our distinguished historians, Barbara Tuchman, recently put it this way: "The doomsayers work by extrapolation; they take a trend and extend it, forgetting that the doom factor, sooner or later, generates a coping mechanism. . . . You cannot extrapolate any series in which the human element intrudes; history, that is the human narrative, never follows, and will always fool, the scientific curve." How right is her insight; alarmists' curves frequently are based upon downward trends. As early as the sixth chapter of Genesis some believed the world was headed downhill. The doomsayers were already looking back upon better times: "There were giants in the earth in those days."

Prophets of doom have a second weakness. They fail to appreciate man's inherent ability to adjust and innovate. The British economist Thomas Malthus predicted in 1798 that the imbalance between population growth and food production would cause the world to starve to death. The doomsayers called it Malthus' iron law. As time has proved, it was neither iron nor law. Like many of our current crop of transient experts, Malthus fell into the oldest trap of all in the prognostication game. He underestimated everyone's intelligence but his own; he was incapable of imagining that out of the Industrial Revolution would come reapers, threshers, combines, and tractors. He did not foresee the era of cheap energy. Nor did he envision chemicals and fertilizers creating such abundance that foolish governments would pay farmers *not* to cultivate the soil.

A third fault accounts for the inability of the doomsayers accurately to predict what will happen. They cling to the belief that there are accepted absolutes in a world of rapidly changing value systems. As the French poet Paul Valéry put it, we often tend to be marching backward into the future.

Examples abound. A presidential commission appointed by Herbert Hoover in 1929 later reported to Franklin D. Roosevelt on how to plot our course through 1952. The report was in 13 volumes prepared by 500 "researchers." The summary required 1,600 pages. Yet there was not a word about atomic energy, jet propulsion, antibiotics, transistors, or many other significant developments. Herman Kahn's opus on the year 2,000 never mentioned pollution, nor was there any real emphasis on the energy shortage. The people who have come closest to predicting the future are some of the science fiction writers, unencumbered by elaborate research or prestigious committees, but with the courage to dream. Jules Verne's wild imagination proved to be more prophetic than the calculations of Malthus.

OUR latter-day Malthusians, whose forecasts are often dignified with computer printouts, which substitute for ox entrails in modern-day occult prediction, appear oblivious to the fact that man, given the proper incentive and freedom to act, has repeatedly found substitutes for dwindling materials. The United States was denied 90 per cent of its sources of natural rubber during World War II, but technological ingenuity created synthetic rubber which is now more widely and flexibly used than the natural product. One of the most common substances in the world is bauxite, but it was not regarded as much of an asset until the way to make aluminum was perfected. Coal was not even considered a resource before the Steam Age, nor was uranium highly valued before the Atomic Age. Since the Industrial Revolution, resources have grown exponentially, step by step, with man's ability to apply fresh technology to his needs. These experiences of yesterday are relevant today. I do not assert that history repeats itself, but offer a reminder that the human story did not begin with today's crisis.

Energy is no exception. Few Americans even remember that from the time of the American Revolution until the Civil War, a major source of artificial lighting was the whale oil lamp. No one should have needed a congressional commission to predict that the supply of whale oil could not forever keep pace with the demand of a growing nation.

Mr. Wriston is chairman of the First National City Corporation.

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Shortages become a crisis when government intervenes to frustrate the ability of the free market to function. A free market is not chaos, but a continuous economic referendum

The tragedy of our Civil War disrupted whale oil production and its price shot up to $2.55 a gallon, almost double what it had been in 1859. Naturally there were cries of profiteering and demands for Congress to "do something about it." The government, however, made no move to ration whale oil, or to freeze its price, or to put a new tax on the "excess profits" of the whalers who were benefiting from the increase in prices. Instead, prices were permitted to rise. The result, then as now, was predictable. Consumers began to use less whale oil and the whalers invested more money in new ways to increase their productivity. Meanwhile men with vision and capital began to develop kerosene and other petroleum products. The first practical generator for outdoor electric lights was built in 1875. By 1896 the price of whale oil had dropped to 40 cents a gallon. Whale oil lamps were no longer in vogue; they sit now in museums to remind us of the impermanence of crisis. This cycle, repeated in thousands of other instances, is one which the rulers of the Arabian-Persian Gulf area might well bear in mind.

My capsule review of the whale oil "energy crisis" is one of an infinite series demonstrating the ability of the free market to solve problems of scarcity. Shortages, then and now, can often be eliminated when prices are allowed to exercise their age-old functions—motivate the consumer to consume less and the producer to produce more and spur on someone to develop a new product that is better and cheaper. Shortages become a crisis when government intervenes to frustrate the ability of the free market to function. A free market is not chaos, but a continuous economic referendum; essentially it represents the decisions of an infinite number of individuals expressing in action their opinions of values.

GOVERNMENT intervention destroys the path to a democratic decision. The result is noneconomic. No one who saw it on television last year will soon forget the wholesale drowning of baby chicks. It was done because the government froze the price of grown chickens at a level which made it uneconomic for farmers to raise and sell them. Government seems loath to learn from experience in tampering with a free market. Drowning the chicks was a rerun of the plowing under of "surplus" cotton and grain and the slaughter of piglets a generation ago. Yet the liberals were the exponents of the destruction of such animals. This slaughter was predicated upon the proposition that governments are smarter than markets—which all history refutes. Anyone observing the consequences in our country of price and wage controls can have few illusions left about the efficiency of government-controlled markets. Yet many businessmen and labor leaders applauded this strangling of enterprise at the time controls were initiated.

To a large extent, what we call the energy crisis was made in Washington, just as was the beef shortage and the chicken shortage. A scarcity of energy in the United States was assured as early as 1954, when Congress empowered the Federal Power Commission to set an artificially low wellhead price on natural gas to be used in interstate commerce. This low price ceiling overstimulated consumer demand and discouraged producer initiative—an infallible guarantee of an eventual shortage. It was the chicken syndrome on a grand scale. Likewise, a ceiling on mortgage rates has great political appeal, but when the government creates inflation, rates rise and the frozen rate becomes the rate at which you cannot borrow money to build your house.

FEDERAL stop-go policies on mining coal, drilling for oil, and the construction and licensing of nuclear energy plants not only have curbed incentive, but also have created a climate of doubt and dilemma. Substituting bureaucratic regulation for the marketplace has always created uncertainty and served first to produce and then to intensify shortages. Whenever our system appears to falter by not providing our accustomed relative abundance at a low price, the people who distrust freedom always stand ready with the simplistic solution: the government should intervene.

There is a paradox in the fact that those who look to government to remedy every economic grievance in our society also want government to get out of their personal lives and stop telling them how to run their affairs. They cannot have it both ways. They cannot ask more and more government intervention in what ought to be a free market and still insist on more and more freedom for themselves as individuals. No people have ever preserved political

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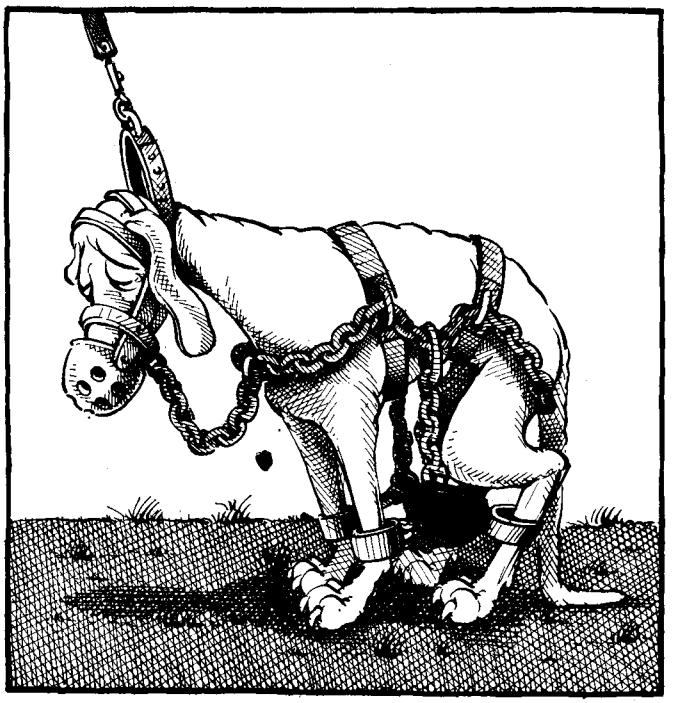

liberty for very long in an environment of economic dictatorship. We often learn too late that freedom is indivisible.

In America we have what is described as a free enterprise economy, at least in comparative terms. Nevertheless our government today regulates more business practices than most other democracies. This may seem incredible, but it becomes clear when you call the roll. The American bureaucracy regulates the utilities which produce heat, light, and power; the railroads (or rather what's left of them); trucking companies, airlines, broadcasters, drug firms, dry cleaners, automobile manufacturers, meat packers, film makers, farmers, brokers, banks, and a host of other enterprises. Most of these industries are highly competitive, but government has decreed that they serve a variety of objectives other than selling their products at the lowest possible price. It is not a bad rule of thumb for our Citibank lending officers to remember that the longer an industry has been government-regulated, the worse credit risk it tends to become.

OVERREGULATION is partly our own fault. Our history sometimes reveals a cycle. We let something run wide open until the law of compensating forces operates. Businessmen sometimes fail to anticipate or even respond to the demands of the consumer. If this continues too long, the public becomes angry. Typically, then, the industry or the labor union that is perceived to be out of control forms a "self-regulating" group to set standards and police its own activity. The self-regulatory groups usually fail to respond quickly and strongly enough, so that pressure continues to mount and the government steps in. Currently, people of the accounting profession, who could not even agree among themselves on how to book a tax credit, have set up a sort of supreme court of accounting practice to bring order out of chaos. Maybe they can salvage their influence, but unless they are quick and firm, the SEC will take over and thenceforth do it for them. Lawyers who let some of their brethren disrupt the decorum of the courtroom without effective censure are moving into the same zone of trouble. So also are those bar associations that see nothing wrong with publicly recommending people as judges before whom they themselves will soon practice. Failure to reform themselves and to perceive how rapidly our value systems change will create volumes of regulations we will all regret.

The legal precedent upon which much of our regulation is still based was established in 1670, when Lord Chief Justice Hale declared that "property does become clothed with a public interest, when used in a manner to make it of public consequence, and affect the community at large." Defining the public interest in precise terms has occupied the time and attention of generations of judges and lawyers, economists and accountants, businessmen, labor leaders, and politicians at a cost of billions of dollars to government and industry. With the passage of time, the doctrine of public interest has become buried beneath an avalanche of charges and briefs, statistics and analyses.

THE REGULATOR is always adjured to serve the public interest. Sooner or later he usually develops into both judge and jury, and often into prosecutor as well. The Executive should enforce the law. The courts should interpret the conflict. Instead of this, Congress does its best to bypass the executive and judicial branches and create separate institutions that combine legislative, executive, and judicial functions, thus defying the basic rule of the Constitution—the separation of powers. The new regulatory body then makes rules with the force of law, and an administrative judge, who is often an officer of the regulatory body, then becomes prosecutor, judge, and executive all at the same time. The regulatory body substitutes its opinion for the judgment of the free market. As time goes on, the bureaucracy changes the active verb "to compete" into the passive "to be regulated." This process tends to create a rigid, backward-looking system—which is neither business-oriented nor consumer-oriented. Instead it is bureaucracy-oriented.

Time and again when there is opportunity to introduce a new technology or a new service to meet public need, the regulator's first question is not whether the consumer or the public will be better served, but rather whether or not what is new fits into the regulatory pattern. Can it be regulated? Will it require a new statute? Does it call for a shift in policy? The result has often been that what the regulator cannot regulate, he will not approve.

The Eurodollar market is a perfect example. Its birth

The regulators expended their efforts in setting tariffs which distinguished between horses for slaughter and horses for draught, between rates for sand used for cement and sand used in glass making

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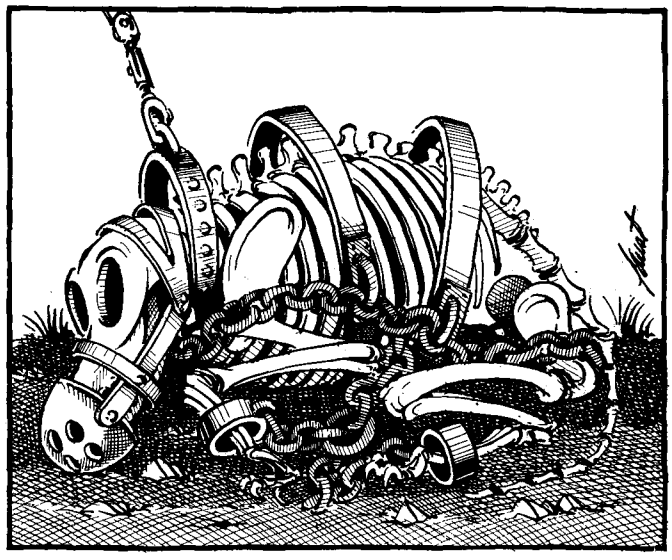
and continued health is a monument to overregulation. Congress, in its economic wisdom, decreed that American banks could not pay interest on demand deposits. Italian banks, owned by their government, had a cartel which put a floor of 7 per cent under interest rates charged to borrowers. There is a lot of daylight between zero return and 7 per cent—and so the dollars moved away from zero toward a better rate of return. Extreme regulation on two sides of the Atlantic unintentionally created a new market. The bureaucrats of the world, who by definition dislike free markets, have been worrying about this flow of funds ever since. They no longer really want it to go away, since it helped finance the European postwar boom; on the other hand they would like to regulate it. Its very existence undermines their argument that nothing can work for the good of the world without government control.

MANY industries continue to be regulated as though they were monopolies, whereas in fact new competitors have long since taken away a good share of their business. Free competition which grows up outside the reach of the regulator creates a whole new situation with the odds heavily stacked against the regulated. The railroads were put at a disadvantage when the truckers began to siphon off revenues; so were the scheduled airlines when the charter flights began to invade the market of the regular carriers. Instead of welcoming the competitive challenge posed by new industries, or applauding the new benefits to the public, the regulatory reflex was to reach out and regulate the new lot also —permitting no industry either to win or to lose on its merits, but causing the public to pay the check for poorer service and higher costs.

Creativity, particularly the invention and application of new technology, requires brains, capital, and hard work. Reward runs with risk but the regulatory system is not receptive to change. Thereupon talented people move on to areas where talent is rewarded. With some notable exceptions, the history of railroad regulation is a classic example of this. It also demonstrates opposition to change through improved technology.

Before the Interstate Commerce Commission clapped the railroads into a regulatory straitjacket, railroads were pioneers in technology—creating the standard track gauge,



new freight cars, and safety devices. One of the first acts of the ICC was to tell the railroads that rails should be made of domestic iron—not imported steel which at the time was far more durable. Time after time, efforts of the railroads to improve efficiency through the introduction of new and applied technology were hampered by infuriating and costly delays in regulatory decisions. The regulators expended their efforts in setting tariffs which distinguished between horses for slaughter and horses for draught, between rates for sand used for cement and sand used in glass making. This bureaucratic concern with trivia, instead of key issues, at a time of trouble can only be compared to the steward's obsession with rearranging the deck chairs on the *Titanic*. Predictably, many railroads chugged slowly down the road to ruin.

Now more than ever, we need efficient healthy railroads; so the King Canutes of the ICC issue 20 pages of regulations! If the situation were not so serious, it would be funny. Louis Menk suggested delicately to the ICC what the problem was. "It has become hellishly unworkable, a dismal failure that has made a shambles of our national railroad system. . . . I take issue with the erosive system of regulation that has wasted a substantial portion of this nation's rail system and threatens the rest of it." With the return on

The result has often been that what the regulator cannot regulate, he will not approve

capital of our national railways under 3 per cent, investors are not standing in line to buy railway securities. Things could be worse—the government could own and operate the railroads. Japan does and we hear how fast and clean they are. What you do not so often hear is that Japan employs 450,000 people for about 13,000 miles of track; the Union Pacific with roughly 9,500 miles of track employs 28,000 people. Government productivity is not so good, even in Japan.

Our current energy crisis furnishes another fork in the road. If you look beyond the panic and concentrate on the problem there are a number of ways we can go. We can create a new ICC for oil and gas with the absolutely predictable result that the current market dislocations will become institutionalized, and temporary scarcity will be regulated into permanent shortages. The 1973 chicken syndrome should still be fresh in our minds, and we may yet have time to prevent our government from repeating the same mistakes with energy that we made with price and wage controls.

The other way to go is to permit the enormous innovative talents of the American people to function. Just as Malthus' iron law was relegated to the library stacks by the fantastic increase in agricultural productivity, and the invention of kerosene and practical electric generators took the whale oil lamps out of the homes of America and put them in the museum, our current energy problem will also be solved in a myriad of ways that no one here can now foresee—if we let the free market operate. Whether it is whale oil, baby chicks, or energy, control by a bureaucracy is no match for the free market in the allocation of human and material resources for the good of all. □

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TENTH ANNIVERSARY

Philadelphia Society

Present—TIMOTHY J. WHEELER
Past—BENJAMIN A. ROGGE

I. THE PRESENT

THE GATHERING opens on a decidedly improved schedule. The usual Friday afternoon session has been eliminated, in favor of a casual two-hour registration period, bar open.

Regulars will appreciate what a pleasing difference this makes. For years you could tell the program without a program, so unvarying was the routine. Arrive during blizzard. Registration 3:00 to 3:30 Friday afternoon. Norma Lipsett, prettier than ever, greets you as a lost friend and signs you in. The hall is too warm. Coffee and Coke are served, but anything more cheering is hours away. Tentative conversation with familiar faces. For late arrivals, a majority, there is little time to freshen up after the trip to Chicago. The first session begins too soon, and seems to produce a good deal of fidgeting as it wears on. The question and answer period turns into an interminable debate. We can all get along very nicely without the Friday afternoon session.

Intentionally or not, the new schedule reflects a gradual change in the Philadelphia Society. In the early years the issues were more pressing and the arguments steamier. An urge to save the world was near the surface; how to do it was the question that divided the house. One group argued for restoring the traditional values of Western civilization; another pleaded the case for freedom. Others, led by Frank Meyer, holding that liberty and tradition were compatible, steered the Society toward the reconciliation of values.

The division is still the focal point of the Society, and is treated no less seriously today. But the mood is less solemn. All the arguments have been heard, and familiar faces have become friendly faces. In a word, the years have added to the formal purposes of the Society a sense of reunion among friends of long standing. The get-together period gives us a chance to catch up on a year's gossip—who's been married or divorced, gotten rich, or disappeared into the bowels of the Nixon Administration. Someone tells me that a certain congressman has voted against aid to crippled veterans because they should stand on their own two feet. Dinner is served before things get out of hand.

The proceedings are placed off the record, in the interest of free and open discussion—also a blessing to those who do not share the members' enthusiasm for scholarly themes. You're not missing anything subversive. Duncan Williams of Oxford, author of *Trousered Apes*, is the evening speaker, on the noncommittal subject of "License or Liberty?" He is a crowd pleaser, though a few remarks on evolution are received restively.

The members' meeting early Saturday morning is, as usual, a fine time for grumps about hotel accommodations and such. The new trustees are duly elected and adjournment is prompt. Economist William Niskanen Jr., of the University of California-Berkeley, addresses the morning session and is faithful to his assigned topic, "New Directions in Economics."

A STRIKING dark-haired diversion walks in at lunch and, with the Society, predominantly male, looking on in hushed collective interest, searches for someone. Her name is Arianna Stassinopoulos and she's on tour for Random House promoting her anti-women's-lib book, *The Female Woman*. Bob Schuettinger, not known for showing up in such company, turns out to be the favored party and wins some envious looks before disappearing with his prize in the direction of the hotel bar.

Ben Rogge's revisionist history of the first ten years of the Society, which follows below, is delightful and puts everyone in fettle for the day. Scholarly discussions resume in the afternoon, first on "New Directions in Political Science," under Professor Alvin Rabushka of the University of Rochester. After a break, Gerhart Niemeyer of Notre Dame and Warren Nutter of the University of Virginia lead discussions on "New Directions behind the Iron Curtain."

A fine evening meal mellows the concluding addresses by Arthur Shenfield, William Schneider, and Thomas Molnar. But for the instant replays in the hotel room parties afterward, another annual meeting of the Philadelphia Society is over, too soon. □

—TIMOTHY J. WHEELER

II. THE PAST

I AM QUIETLY proud of the fact that I have been selected to present the official story of the least official organization in the history of man. The first question I have been instructed to answer is the following: why is it called the Philadelphia Society? The answer speaks eloquently to the character of this organization. It is called the Philadelphia Society because its annual meetings are always held in Chicago. Admittedly one of the three organizational meetings held in April of 1964 was convened in Philadelphia and there was some talk of Philadelphia as the cradle of liberty, but neither this Society nor the cream cheese of the same name has a strong continuing tie to the City of Brotherly Love.

The next question is as follows: how

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are the affairs of the organization administered? The answer is that they are not. The activities of this organization partake of that class of phenomena which Hayek describes in the words of Adam Ferguson as "the result of human action, but not the execution of any human design."

I offer in evidence the communication in which I was invited to make this presentation. It arrived in a large, thrice-used envelope, with "Support Your Indianapolis Indians" in the upper lefthand corner, bearing the postmark of an obviously apocryphal village in Michigan, identified as North Adams (there isn't even an Adams, Michigan, so obviously there can't be a North Adams). The contents, in addition to the request letter, included an Adam Smith T-shirt, two apple cores, and the last three pages of George Roche's inaugural address at Hillsdale College. The letter itself was addressed simply, To whom it may concern.

THE NEXT question is of critical importance. What are the requirements for membership in the Philadelphia Society? For example, would a Marxist be admitted? I shall respond to this with a reply from Marx himself—not Karl, but Groucho. On being invited into membership in a particular club, Groucho refused in high indignation, saying that he was insulted to have been invited to join a club whose standards were so low that it would invite *him* into membership. I trust I need not elaborate.

Another aspect of this question: is it necessary to be *alive* to be a member of this organization? The answer is, "Not at all." If your name was ever once on the rolls of the Philadelphia Society, it will remain so, and appropriate mailings will be sent you, even though you may have long ago joined the sweet and simple system of natural liberty up there in the sky.

One final question on membership requirements: is it necessary to be a disciple of Milton Friedman to really feel at home in this organization? Here again the answer is, "Not at all." Not only are there members who fundamentally disagree with Friedman; some of these individuals have won dramatic victories over Friedman's ideas in the discussions of the Society—each such victory coming when Friedman himself was not around.

As a matter of fact, of the 12 members of the original organization committee, only three at most, including Friedman himself, carried the stigmatic mark of the Friedman faithful. Most of the others were traditionalists who could usually restrain their enthusiasm for *all* practitioners of the vulgar and dismal science of economics.

You might be interested in the names on that list, and here they are with the positions they held at the time: William H. Book, Consultant, Indianapolis; Wm. F. Buckley Jr., Editor, NATIONAL REVIEW; W. Glenn Campbell, Director, Hoover Institution on War, Revolution, and Peace; Peter L. DeLuca III, Western Director, Intercollegiate Society of Individualists; M. Stanton Evans, Editor, *Indianapolis News*; Edwin J. Feulner Jr., Wharton School, University of Pennsylvania; Milton Friedman, Professor of Economics, University of Chicago; Arthur Kemp, Professor of Economics, Claremont Men's College; Don Lipsett, National Field Director, Intercollegiate Society of Individualists; Frank S. Meyer, Senior Editor, NATIONAL REVIEW; Henry Regnery, President, Henry Regnery Co.; Eliseo Vivas, Professor of Philosophy, Northwestern University.

A comment on Vivas: he brought to the Committee not only his wisdom and scholarship but, in anticipation of Affirmative Action Programs to come, a Spanish surname.

You must not conclude from this list that these were the men who really created the idea of the Philadelphia Society. The question of who *really* had the first idea is now as complex as the one concerning the origins of the concept of marginal utility in economics. The story now circulating that Vic Milione and Don Lipsett received their instructions to form the Society from a voice speaking from a burning bush can be rejected out of hand. As a matter of principle, neither man has ever listened to *any* voice from *any* source whatsoever.

In a sense, it all started when J. Howard Pew sent *Human Events* a check for $1,000 as "reward" for an article that had struck his fancy written by that old anarchist, Frank Chodorov. Chodorov was going to send it back, but Frank Hanighen, then editor of *Human Events*, responded with Hanighen's Law, which was: "Never send a check back."

Out of this thousand dollars came ISI and out of ISI came the Philadelphia Society. Vic Milione and Don Lipsett were the head midwives in this process. That the infant was subsisting on a minimal financial diet in its first years is attested to by the following financial statement, submitted by Ed Feulner as Treasurer in September of 1965.

Under *Assets* the following:

Cash	$28.00
Accounts Receivable (C. H. Simonds)	8.00
Dues Receivable (board members)	90.00
Stamps & Supplies (estimate)	50.00
Total	$176.00
Liabilities	
Accounts Payable—Printers	$ 73.07
*Refunds for Chicago meetings	132.00
**Loans payable	
Don Lipsett	100.00
Bill Buckley	100.00
	$405.07
Net deficit	$229.07

IT IS interesting to place this financial position in juxtaposition with the terror that the Society seemed to inspire in the minds of those entrusted at that time with the sacred task of saving America from the cabalistic activities of the right wing. Thus, Wesley McCune, Director of Group Research, Inc., as early as January 1966 saw fit to identify the Philadelphia Society by name in his report to the National Education Association on "The American Right Wing during 1965." The attendees at the 1965 annual meeting of the Philadelphia Society were described by McCune as "right wing activists or intellectuals [and then the sinister part] who are there by invitation only."

McCune would have been really shocked had he examined the roster of the Board of Directors of the Society a year or two later and noted there the name of that shadowy and satanic figure, William J. Baroody.

There are some who believe that the team of Baroody and Glenn Campbell —sometimes referred to as the Beirut-

*Apparently to those who had tried us and wanted their money back
**Venture capital

(Continues on page 663)

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Long Way Round

TELL ME what you think about the transcripts, and I'll tell you who you are. If you haven't read them, don't intend to read them, and have promised the Boss you'll never read them, you're probably the resident parson. If you thought you had read them, and defended the Boss on the basis of what you thought they contained, to judge by the material the Boss showed you a few months ago, you're probably a Republican senator. If you think they're sufficient evidence for a party of right-thinking gentlemen to get together and run the Boss out of town on a rail, you're probably a nineteenth century American, male, sensible, and obsolete. If you think they're absolutely marvelous, you're the President. If you think they're an interesting example of the inefficiency of centralized economic systems, you're probably a poor plodding student of political economy.

To the student of political economy, the picture presented by Mr. Nixon and his honorable lieutenants is the picture of several intelligent and energetic gentlemen engaged in an attempt to maximize their economic positions through minimal effort. And with what wonderful success! Consider Mr. Nixon and his colleagues. They toil not, neither do they spin; yet I say unto you, Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Why the office of the President has a budget of $200 million a year. Now there's a statistic for an economist to sink his teeth into. One stops for a quick breath when one reads in the Gospel—excuse me, I mean the transcript—that Mr. Nixon does not worry about the possibility that a colleague may require $1 million in the next few minutes. "A million? A million can be found," says Solomon, in words to that effect. To Mr. Nixon it is a just price, $1 million, a sensible disbursement. To the receiver of these goods it is also a just price, representing the payment in full for his services. One has the feeling that "services" are being performed throughout the government, because one keeps coming across references to payments between persons. One remembers Mr. W. Alton Jones, head of Cities Service, going down in an airliner with $100,000 in cash in a little black bag. He was on his way to meet President Eisenhower, cruising on a yacht beyond the territorial limits. Services were rendered, one supposes; and payment was required, one supposes, being a mere student of economics—or political economy, as the old phrase goes. One remembers Senators Kennedy and Bayh crashing on a hilltop in Massachusetts and being found in a bed of money; literally, the cash was drifting all over the mountain. It is on record that they were flying up to attend the annual banquet of the Democratic Party, and one supposes that services had been rendered, and payment in full was due. One thinks of the $100,000 that was, or wasn't, paid, or given, or loaned, or handed to, or deposited with, Señor Rebozo. And didn't the milk farmers pay $200,000 to somebody in the government?

These are free-market transactions, all of them. In each case the money is paid by someone who expects to get his money's worth. In each case the money is received by someone who is in a position to "deliver." All well and good. It's a free country. So what else is new? The student of the free market merely observes that a certain volume of transactions happens to be taking place in the dark, and moves on. But he would be wrong. These transactions are not free-market deals, and they're not peanuts. A free-market deal is characterized by openness—the very "advertising" of the service itself. We could have a free market in corruption just as we could legalize prostitution if we wished. If the political gentry should go into the free market and advertise their services, they would have to offer one or another of a very limited selection. They would offer 1) not to write a law that they've threatened to write, or 2) not to apply a law they've already written, or 3) a piece of the action. Such "services" are never advertised on the free market, because the wit and wisdom of the community do not permit people to preen themselves in public on their skills in these fields. The transactions are secret, dark, furtive, private, shady, dirty, governmental.

And the total volume must run into incredible sums. I would not be astonished to find that political payoffs amount to a couple of hundred billion (that's B as in Bebe, baby) dollars a year. All of these payments are made to those gorgeous lilies in Washington who toil not, neither do they spin. They do nothing at all that makes us better or happier or wealthier. They shuffle paper and pocket the payoffs. They eat our food, claim our fabrics, take up dwelling space, blacken the skies with their jet transports, muddy the rivers with their yachts—yet they toil not, neither do they spin. A million? A million can be found, in ten seconds, if you're on Solomon's team.

ONE OF THE most fascinating intellectual problems is the question of imagining the end of an epoch. How do great trends come to their natural conclusion? What will finally put a halt to this ridiculous deflection of wealth into the hands of the grafters? A plodding student of political economy might imagine that the business community will some day calculate that this way is simply not efficient. That production would be cheaper, one could sell one's goods cheaper, one could compete in more markets, if one didn't have to fatten 20 million grafters year in and year out. When it simply becomes better business to compete in the market than to purchase "services" from a corrupted government, then the end is nigh. When the free market discovers how wonderful it can be to get through the day without having to line the pockets of these fat bleary-eyed ignorant bloodsuckers, it'll be a bull market in tar, and the price of feathers will skyrocket, and rail-splitters will make their fortune without having to get into politics. □

Mr. Rickenbacker is editor of the Rickenbacker Report, *and publisher of the* Financial Book Digest.

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Encyclopedias and Our Afflictions

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

AT THE ROOT of our discontents, says Mr. William T. Couch, is baneful ignorance. We moderns behave irrationally because we have not acquired right reason. How may we recover knowledge, and even wisdom? Why, from an encyclopedia—but an encyclopedia very different from any now available.

Mr. Couch, a very experienced scholarly editor, has published an important book about our general failure in learning. It is *The Human Potential: An Essay on Its Cultivation* (Duke University Press, $9.75). Having been the editor-in-chief of two encyclopedias, W. T. Couch knows what is wrong with the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, with *Collier's Encyclopedia*, with the *Americana*. The fragmentation of knowledge, the denial of meaning, the loss of intellectual coherence—these afflictions, general in our civilization, at once are reflected in, and in part are caused by, our encyclopedias.

Mr. Couch is perfectly aware that there are other tools of learning than encyclopedias. Yet ever since Diderot and d'Alembert got up the grand subversive French Encyclopedia, such works have exerted a profound influence, for good or ill, upon university, college, school, and self-education. We must commence the restoration of learning somewhere; and there is no better place to begin than the encyclopedia. The trouble is, though, that we can't begin even with the encyclopedia, Mr. Couch tells us: for nobody knows just what needs to be done in the way of a new encyclopedia. The first step, he argues, ought to be the founding of a special institute which would attempt an ordering and integrating of knowledge; then out of this institute might grow the New Encyclopedia.

Another man who knew that encyclopedias can befuddle us was T. S. Eliot. In his Christian poem "Animula," Eliot recalls with distaste the eleventh edition of the *Britannica*, bestowed upon him when he was a little boy:

The pain of living and the drug of dreams
Curl up the small soul in the window seat
Behind the Encyclopedia Britannica.

As I have suggested in my book about Eliot, *Murder in the Cathedral* was written, among other reasons, as a reply to the cold liberal omniscience of the *Britannica* article about Thomas à Becket. "It is evident that in the course of his long struggle with the state he fell more and more under the domination of personal motives," the eleventh edition says of Archbishop Becket. Only the *Britannica* can know the heart; the *Britannica* is Jeremy Bentham writ large.

Where is the Life we have lost in living?
Where is the wisdom we have lost in knowledge?
Where is the knowledge we have lost in information?

So Eliot asks in his choruses for *The Rock*; and so Mr. Couch asks in this forthright new book. A vast congeries of isolated "facts"—written in part by specialists for specialists, in part by propagandists for the ignorant unwary: that is the twentieth century encyclopedia. Where is the wisdom we have lost in knowledge?

OUR NEED is for *general* education, Mr. Couch declares: not for more PhD candidates, not for more pullulating campuses, not for more educational boondoggles. He hopes for an encyclopedia which will enable the Common Reader to discover some coherence in the human condition—and, incidentally, to track down useful information, something the badly arranged and badly indexed existing encyclopedias don't accomplish. Mr. Couch believes in a free society; he is no utopian, but he knows that the human potential is yet to be attained. Societies can be made better or worse, he tells us:

> Making them better is not something that one knows how to work for merely because one has been born since World War II and engages in marches and carrying banners against war, and for freedom and justice and peace, and perhaps for an income for which one does not have to work, so that one can live pleasantly, enjoy fighting the establishment that feeds, clothes, and houses one and that creates the conditions that enable one to live as one wants to live, doing one's thing and nothing else, living on the fat of the land and having all the fun one can stand with sex and perhaps drugs.

Only through reason are societies made better; only through reason can societies be free. How much, nevertheless, do our present encyclopedias tell us about true reason—or about freedom? Consider this:

> If there is any subject on which the general public is sorely in need of more light, it is that of Freedom. *Britannica* does not have an article under the title "Freedom." There is no index entry of the word "Freedom" that refers to an article on the subject but under a different title. There is an article under the title "Liberty." The article is about one-quarter of a page in length. This is a fair indication of the quality of the judgment embodied in *Britannica*—the best of our major encyclopedias—in the allocation of space to subjects. This allocation cannot be corrected by patchwork. To correct it, in any basic way, the set would have to be redesigned, rewritten, remade.

The general public complains often about encyclopedias, but lacks any clear standard for judgment. Were it possible for the average family to possess a really good encyclopedia, objective, systematic, well ordered, well indexed, edited with imagination—why, then we would have taken the first step toward realizing the human potential. Our schools, our colleges, and our universities then might rest upon a base of integrated knowledge. But no such encyclopedia exists in this land today.

Mr. Couch has much to say about "Babel and Authority," "The Great Failure" (of the general education program in the College of the University of Chicago), various intellectual charlatans and sophists of our time, and the intellectual causes of modern disorder. I think this book so important that I mean to devote to criticism of it (by competent scholars) a whole future issue of the little educational quarterly which I edit, *The University Bookman*. Meanwhile, friends, cultivate *your* potential by looking into Mr. Couch's book. And don't believe everything you read in the *Britannica*. □

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Arts & Manners

DANCE

RUTH BERENSON

Embarras de Richesses

New York now boasts so many dancers and dance companies that there aren't enough weeks in the year for any of them to go through their paces free of competition. And even though the general public no longer seems to consider dance a branch of esoterica, there still weren't enough fans to fill all the theaters which, this spring, were simultaneously playing host to dance troupes—a sad situation, since this meant that all of them lost money while we poor enthusiasts were faced with choices that would have defied Hobson. From mid-March to mid-April, for instance, the Joffrey Ballet was ending its four-week stint at the City Center, and the Paul Taylor group was appearing at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. No sooner had these rung down their curtains than the Harkness Ballet opened in a fancy new home; the Dance Theater of Harlem embarked on its first, long-awaited full-scale season; and Martha Graham, at 80 no longer dancing herself but as richly creative as ever, presented an almost wholly new company in revivals of her great dramatic works of the Forties and Fifties. She's a subject by herself, so this report will confine itself to the three ballet companies. Actually, the distinction between "ballet" and "modern" has lost any meaning it once had since dancers now are trained in a bewildering variety of techniques from classical to "ethnic"—a catch-all word for everything from the Irish jig to the Samba. So-called "modern companies" like Martha Graham's or Paul Taylor's perform only the compositions of their founders, but "ballet" companies generally pride themselves on their eclecticism—for apart from stars of the first magnitude, a Nureyev, for instance, what attracts subscription audiences is *a varied repertoire; and subscriptions* are what make regular seasons—and regular meals for dancers—possible.

The Dance Theater of Harlem is the love-child of Arthur Mitchell, the only black dancer ever to make it big in the New York City Ballet; indeed, he is still the only black in the company. He started his group in 1968, after the murder of Martin Luther King, in the belief that blacks could easily break into classical ballet if they could get the necessary training and encouragement, since their skill at other forms of dance was so obvious. Not surprisingly, his project evoked considerable support,

especially from whites: the Dance Theater of Harlem now has its own well-equipped building and operates a school for amateurs and professionals. The school is integrated; the company, unlike that of the other great black dancer, Alvin Ailey, is not. Mitchell says that as soon as black ballet dancers have proved they can compete on a level with whites, such a restrictive policy will be superfluous. This spring's *two-week showing, marking the group's* official debut, proved that such parity will not be long a-coming: the Harlem dancers are fine, the men especially.

If Mr. Mitchell has earned his laurels as organizer, fundraiser, and teacher, he has yet to do so as choreographer: the unwieldy, Russian-type spectacles he designed for his ensemble did not come off. He was far better with "Biosfera," an abstract duet apparently dealing with separation and alienation, marvelously danced by 19-year-old Laura Brown and Paul Russell, not much older; these two, also seen together in "*Le Corsaire*," a mainstay of ballets the world over, are real stars who would add luster to any ensemble, black or white. Not surprisingly, the audience went wild about them and about the dances with African *themes; these were dazzling.*

Mrs. Rebekah Harkness, a very rich lady who has been trying to make her mark on the New York dance scene for years, has not been lucky in her undertakings. This spring, with commendable ambition if dubious results, she presented her new company (formed in 1965 but reorganized a couple of years ago) to New York for the first time, in a specially equipped theater billed as the first in America designed expressly for dancers, Ted Shawn's 30-year-old theater at Jacob's Pillow notwithstanding. It's not a new building but a 1920s movie house, refurbished with oversized chandeliers, armchairs and carpeting in "Harkness blue," and an incredibly unpleasant mural painting over the proscenium of muscular nudes paying labored "Homage to Terpsichore"; the floor and dance facilities seem excellent but the audience is less well served, as the sight lines are poor and sound under the balcony is muffled. As for the dancers, they are certainly accomplished; many were trained in Mrs. Harkness' school, which speaks well for that institution. But the repertoire, though boasting numerous "world" and "New York" premieres, was vacuous when it was not, as in the overtly homosexual "Gemini," and Brian Macdonald's sugary version of "The Firebird," rather offensive. A single exception was "*Rodin, Mis en Vie*" (I guess it sounded more artistic in French) by Margo Sappington, who created the nude dances in *Oh! Calcutta!* a few years back. Here the dancers were dressed in flesh-colored leotards which at first sight reminded me of the "living sculptures" that were a standard feature of circuses when I was a child. But Miss Sappington is inventive and has studied her Rodin; the last section, inspired by the sculptor's uncompleted "Gates of Hell," was stunningly effective.

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If both the Harkness and the Dance Theater of Harlem are weak in choreographers, these are the Joffrey Ballet's strong point: probably no other company, certainly none in this country, presents so varied a program. Both its director, Robert Joffrey, and its assistant director, Gerald Arpino, are gifted dance composers; Arpino is especially versatile, in command of everything from classical to rock, and his ballets are the backbone of the company's repertoire. This year he contributed nothing new; instead, the season's novelties consisted in a moving rendering of José Limon's interpretation of the Othello story, "The Moor's Pavane," in which the magnificent black dancer, Christian Holder, could display a tragic gift; and Jerome Robbins' "New York Export: Operation Jazz," with scenery and costumes by Ben Shahn. Composed in 1958, today this evokes a feeling of nostalgia, not deliberately as, say, in the movie *American Graffiti*, but because it seems such a typical expression of the Musak-music and jazz dancing of those years, full of jagged movements and rhythmic undertones.

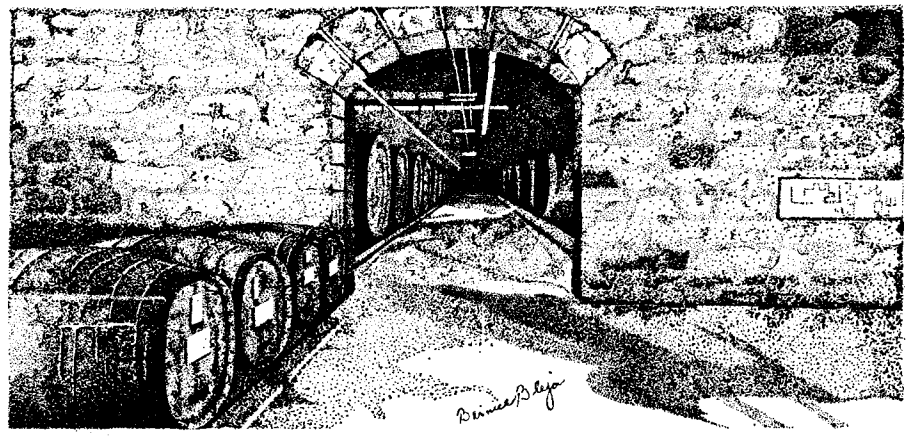
Except for their opening nights, none of these companies played to full houses. Even though it is growing, the New York dance audience is just not large enough to support so many dancers at a time. □

DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

Good Wine and Godliness

During the last few years, an increasing number of California wine producers have adopted the habit of vintage-dating more and more of their wines, as the French and Germans have done for their better vintages for a long time. The reasons for this are both good and bad. Good, because it is a good thing for wine lovers to get as much information about a wine as they can, especially with wines from the variable climates of Europe. Obviously the vintage year enables one to tell one year's vintage from another. Bad, because of the snobbery inbred in far too many American wine drinkers. They think they get a better and more *kulturny* wine when there is a date on the label, so the producers of this bottle get more money for it, whether the wine deserves it or not. Reputable producers of course only vintage-date where it is right, disposing of their lesser wines under a generic label, but there are also quite a number who do overprice the vintage-dated bottles. Putting a date on the bottle means only that the wine was made in a specific year, but it does not guarantee quality because the vintages can vary



and do vary from region to region and vineyard to vineyard, not only in Europe, but in California as well. Also, various wines of the same kind, say Cabernet Sauvignons, though of the same vintage year, develop differently, depending on how they are made, how long they are in the cask, when they were bottled, and how long the bottle aged. Still, it is very useful to see when a wine was made, provided it was made right—especially a white wine, which should not get too old.

THE Christian Brothers of California, one of the nation's leading producers of fine wines, which they export to 45 countries throughout the world, do not vintage-date their wines, deliberately so. As their eminent winemaster and head of their large technical staff, Dr. Leonard Berg (past President of the American Society of Enologists), explained to me during a recent visit to their Mount La Salle Winery in the Napa Valley, to make a wine from the same grape type but of *different* ages offers the winemaker a greater range of choices and possibilities for complexity of taste and aroma. What the Christian Brothers also aim for, and almost always achieve, is to provide the consumer with a consistency and continuity of fine quality, which to you and me means that the next bottle is going to be as good as the first, or at least, the same. This is a good thing indeed, when I think how often I've fallen flat on my face with bottles splendid in one year and horrid in another.

THE OTHER thing Dr. Berg stressed was that by not vintage-dating a wine the Christian Brothers can provide their consumer with a fine wine which is ready to drink when it is bought, and yet sound enough that it will continue to improve. This does not mean that a wine will last indefinitely. But a Christian Brothers wine can be enjoyed on the day of purchase, yet stay good for a while when properly stored, which means in a cool, dark place. How long, depends on the wine. The more inexpensive generics, burgundy, claret, rhine wine, Napa rosé, etc., should be drunk fairly soon after buying. The red varietals, each named for the grape from which it is made, can be kept (again, properly stored) for about these lengths of time: Cabernet Sauvignon, five to six years; Pinot Noir and Zinfandel, three to five years; the Pineau Saint George, three years; the Gamay Noir, three years. The white varietals, however, like all whites, must not be stored too long, even properly. The Grey Riesling, Sauvignon Blanc, Johannisberg Riesling, Pinot Chardonnay, and Pineau la Loire, among others, should be drunk within two years. These wines cost between $2.50 and $5.00, and they are excellent buys.

The Christian Brothers are not two brothers, but a worldwide Catholic teaching order of laymen who take priestly vows. They run around 200 schools and colleges in the United States which they support with the proceeds from more than three million cases of wines, dessert wines, sherries,

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ports, vermouths, champagnes, altar wines, and brandies. Their X O Rare Reserve Brandy, which I have not tasted, is said to come closer to a true cognac than any other American brandy because it contains 50 per cent eight-year-old, full-flavored, pot-still brandies.

The adage that God helps those who help themselves is certainly true of the Christian Brothers, especially of Brother Timothy, their famous cellarmaster and spokesman. You see his picture in the ads, and he is one of the courtliest, most winning, and shrewdest men in the American wine world. Under him and his large, trained staff, the action has been great. The Christian Brothers hold large premium vineyards in prime vineyard country and are planting more, their machinery is splendid, and they have at least four wineries as well as large aging cellars, warehouse space, and the like, plus a prodigious $6-million expansion program. Two of the wineries are lovely. Mount La Salle, named after the founder of the Order, is up in the rolling hills above the Napa Valley, and it includes a novitiate, a boarding school for boys, a retirement home for older brothers, and a beautiful church. Their own vineyards surround the property, and the ambience of peace and order makes one wish one could stay there forever. The Greystone Aging Cellars, near St. Helena in the Napa Valley, is a most picturesque immense stone winery, reputed to be the largest in the world, which also serves as tasting center for the public. There you can also see one of the most extensive collections of oak cooperage in the world, aging two million gallons; every drop of table wine made by the Christian Brothers is aged there.

In January, this year, at the corner of Beach and Hyde Streets on San Francisco's historic waterfront, the Christian Brothers opened a fabulous new wine museum. This is not a folksy assembly of old wine presses, but a well organized museum collection of wine related art objects, rare and current books, the Franz Sichel Glass Collection of drinking vessels from the Roman era to the present, and a portion of Brother Timothy's extraordinary corkscrew collection. There is much original old and modern art, such as works by Albrecht Altdorfer, Honoré Daumier, Picasso, Maillol, and others. Don't miss this important collection, even if you are not a museum buff, because wine is fun, even in art. □

THEATER

KARL R. ZIMMERMANN

Old Plays, New Players

Riverside Drive in Manhattan is an unlikely place for a theater, but there is one there, at the corner of 103rd Street. Free is an unusual admissions charge, but that's all this theater demands. Eight plays are uncommonly many to move through a single house in one season, especially when four are musicals; but that's the number the surprising Equity Library Theater mounts each year, while invariably maintaining high artistic standards.

The Masters Theater, ELT's current base of operations, is a small house. Everyone in the audience is close enough to the stage to see the whites of the actors' eyes. Amplification is unnecessary, so the human voice—not an ersatz, metallic cry—fills the corners of the little hall. Physically, the theater is run down at the heels, shabby, like the residential hotel in which it is housed. Paint peels from the walls, the floor is uncarpeted, the seats worn and tattered. But ELT's spirit sings with youth, hope, warmth, and good will, making the drab little Masters Theater an exciting place to be.

The Equity Library Theater's purpose is threefold: to provide inexpensive theater for the community; to give actors, directors, and designers a chance to try techniques and approaches without restrictions wrought by the pressure of box-office success; and to provide a showcase where new talent can be exposed to agents and producers. Performers and backstage personnel donate their time just for the opportunity to learn and to be seen. This arrangement even extends to the directors and designers.

By agreement with commercial theatrical interests, ELT produces only plays that have previously had professional exposure in New York City, or those that are acknowledged "classics," in the more restrictive sense. Thus the group does not try to compete with Broadway, but instead very neatly fills the void left in recent years since off-Broadway has moved away from revivals.

For all its uniqueness and excellence, ELT has played out its seasons in relative obscurity since its founding in 1943 by Actors' Equity and George Freedley, then Theater Curator for the New York Public Library. After performing for six years in small theaters in the public libraries throughout the city, the group was incorporated and given a permanent home, the Lenox Hill Playhouse on East 70th Street. In 1961 ELT began its residence at the Masters Theater. Over the years, ELT has mounted more than 470 plays and showcased more than 9,000 artists without becoming generally known.

Continuing financial problems make ELT's existence from year to year about as precarious as the heroine's safety in a melodrama: threatened, but always coming through somehow in the end. Actors' Equity contributes only $15,000 of an annual operating budget that runs around $90,000, the balance being made up by donations from foundations and patrons, and receipts from subscriptions and single ticket sales. (Though admission is absolutely free, a contribution of $2.50 a person is suggested.)

When George Wojtasik, the current managing director, took over in the Sixties, Equity was growing dissatisfied with its producing arm. Wojtasik was ordered to eliminate the red ink and upgrade the group's artistic quality, or else. He has succeeded so well that ELT is edging toward the point where it could survive without direct financial support from the union, and at the same time is receiving increased critical attention.

Dramatic as the behind-the-scenes progress may be, the real action is on the compact stage of the Masters Theater. There, once a month from October to May, a new season opens. This season's first offering was *Broadway*, the George Abbott and Philip Dunning drama that was such an enormous success when it opened in 1926. Now, nearly half a century later, the play has become an amiable curiosity, evocative of the Twenties; yet, though the drama now seems creaky, predictable, even ludicrous at times, it is somehow endearing, like its detective-with-a-heart-of-gold, whose name is McCorn. Director Ken Bello quite properly elected to play it straight, never looking for cheap laughs. The result was a piece of intriguing theatrical and social history,

(Continues on page 661)

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Here is your opportunity to add the original hardcover ($6.95) edition of a famous book to your permanent library now for just 95¢

Take advantage of National Review's Special Savings offer now to get your copy of Bill Buckley's bestseller, "Cruising Speed," for this unbelievably low price.

"Cruising Speed" is a truly unique book—for the first time ever, Bill Buckley provides you with a fascinating behind-the-scenes look at his own fast-moving world. It's all here: what he thinks, what he thinks other people are thinking, what he does,—everything spiced by his own commentary and insights. For the first time, genuine "Buckley on Buckley"!

The book takes a terse, documentary approach to an action-filled "typical" week in the life of Bill Buckley. There's a phenomenal list of activity. You'll accompany WFB to TV tapings, debates, lectures, concerts (even to an NR editorial conference). You share the excitement of two lively debates, with Ramsey Clark and Dick Gregory (his description of the Clark debate reveals how Buckley, the debater, sizes up his opponents). Also included in "Cruising Speed" is the complete text of the speech he delivers at Yale—a real *tour de force*, and a document you'll want to refer to often. Buckley also reveals the the way he answers his voluminous correspondence, no small task even for him. His replies are just as witty as you would expect; in fact, the correspondence comprises a quotable book-within-a-book.

And that's only the beginning! "Cruising Speed" is filled with Bill Buckley's opinions and reflections on just about everything imaginable: J. K. Galbraith, William Kunstler, "Playboy," Richard Nixon, NR's 15th Anniversary dinner . . . even anecdotes about his own days at Yale.

You'll never find a more intimate, revealing (and entertaining) book by or about WFB than "Cruising Speed."

The book takes you right to the inside of *National Review*: you'll meet the staff, participate at editorial and rewriting sessions, beat the deadline, etc. etc.—observe all that it takes to publish each issue. As if that's not enough, there is even a treasury of typically Buckley-style quotes, just the thing to refer to for your own arguments! "Cruising Speed" is the perfect book for all Buckley fans, young and old alike, but the original hardcover edition is hard to get, so it's important that you act now to get yours.

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"Cruising Speed" sells at bookstores for $6.95 (if you can find a copy), but you can obtain the book for only 95¢ if you renew your *National Review* subscription *now* (new orders are fine too!) at no more than the regular subscription price of $15.00 for a full year of NR. You save a whopping $6.00 on the price of the book, and, better yet, you'll have your NR subscription extended a full year from its present expiration date, so you'll be sure not to miss *any* of NR's unique reportage. So act now and save $6.00. You won't find a better bargain anywhere!

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BOOKS

Boston Laconic

D. KEITH MANO

Cogan's Trade
By George V. Higgins
Knopf, 212 pp., $5.95

What happened was Will sent up this book and I knew it, I, it's a book right off I'm gonna go for but not be *sure* about even I was enjoying it, you know like copping a feel inna dark, could be your own left arm. Guys like Higgins, Higgins got this *authentic* thing, a semicolon is middle class, his people they can handle commas, maybe a period now and then but they're not happy about it. What it is is dialogue, Higgins hangs a left with it, hangs a right and you, it, you don't want to be faked out of your shoes, you can't worry a relative clause gonna have no relatives and that pronoun he, she, we, it ain't on speaking terms with no subject he, she, we in this paragraph but maybe back on the last page someplace. Is what I mean.

That's not a parody, believe me. George V. Higgins' hunt and peck syntax has built-in hand gestures. It's accurate, very complex, yet your eye follows the bouncing ball easily. *Cogan's Trade* is 90 per cent dialogue; there can't be 15 pages of narrative in 200, unless you add up the "he saids." Higgins, ex-assistant U.S. attorney for Massachusetts, has a prehensile ear; probably in that line of work you get to hear tapes and tapes. It's authentic yet, excuse me, it's the same authentic. Some authentics in this world, even hoods, use complete sentences, but you couldn't tell from Higgins. There are eight or ten characters in *Cogan's Trade* and it's all one guy.

Even Higgins' narrative, which gets inserted on special occasions like a table leaf, has first person intonations. "He spit blood and pink material from his mouth. He raised his head. He had closed his eyes. His nose and mouth were pulpy and covered with blood. Some blood and pink material were on his coat." Admirably straightforward, but what's this "pink material"? A third person omniscient observer has responsibilities; heck, he's supposed to *know* what comes out of a character's mouth. Ultimately, Higgins trusts only the first person. "Pink material" is the way a thug, unsophisticated in dental matters, would visualize bits of gum or whatever. Higgins' approach is evidential. He doesn't judge. He is unassertive as a court stenographer.

But you're inclined to forgive. Higgins' monologist, all dozen of him, is a funny man. He talks Boston laconic; four-letter words are commas, not expletives. *Cogan's Trade* has the effect of a well told elaborate dialect joke. And there is the implicit contrast, also amusing if somewhat eerie: these are armed robbers, murderers, yet they bitch like Elks at a regional convention. Irritable wives, mortgage payments, root canal work: lower middle class problems. They're, well . . . conservative. If they could read, they'd read *NR*. Cogan kills people, but it's a trade, no more than that: might as well be unionized, pension and benefits. "Look," Cogan said, "my wife's mother's sick and we hadda go over and see her Sunday, so of course we hadda go to church, too, the old bat doesn't get any wrong ideas. And the priest had long hair, for God's sake." This isn't exactly news; it's Higgins' schtick, he's been at it since *The Friends of Eddie Coyle*. A Higgins book is predictable as a P. G. Wodehouse book. He has sales momentum going. He'd rather not disappoint that large readership.

Cogan's Trade has a governor on it. The words are reproduced with stereophonic high fidelity, yet the people don't talk to each other. They explain, yes; but they can't persuade or beg or cry out. In acting-school jargon, their speech doesn't accomplish anything, it doesn't further an action. How could it? These are the same person. Does a schizophrenic reason with his second self? Whenever characters are caught by the fuzz or beaten up, they become, so to speak, nonpersons. They can't talk Boston laconic any more and Higgins drops them socially. Take Trattman, the guy who retches up all that pink material: he is virtually silent, despite his innocence. At best he can mutter, "Why're you guys doing something like this?" five or six times. Fear has subtracted him from the book's tone. Russell, a first string character, simply evaporates when he is caught by the police. These people haven't just lost teeth or freedom, they've lost their voice. They are no longer cool. Higgins can't manage emotion or conflict, and it hamstrings him.

The plot is an erector set with maybe seven pieces: scaffolding for conversations. Higgins can educate. He knows the etiquette of contract killing and dognapping. You will have fun with *Cogan's Trade*, crime seems to improve the sense of humor. But Higgins is in jeopardy. A sweet trick can become addictive. He'd better go cold turkey, write something very different, very fast, even under a pseudonym. One *Cogan's Trade* every year for 30 years is a life sentence, not an oeuvre. □

Kevin Lynch *and* **Alan Reynolds** *are associate editors at* National Review.

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Operation Keelhaul: The Story of Forced Repatriation
By Julius Epstein
Devin-Adair, 255 pp., $8.95

SHAME AND SECRECY

KEVIN LYNCH

Operation Keelhaul is the code name of a U.S. Army program that existed from 1944 to 1947. The program was quite effective. It forcibly repatriated as many as two million Soviet refugees. Upon their return to the USSR, Stalin either placed them in concentration camps or had them executed.

In the introduction of this book, Bertram Wolfe, the renowned historian of the Russian Revolution, calls Julius Epstein a "master historian detective." It was Epstein who discovered the truth of the Katyn massacre, proving the Soviets responsible for the slaughter of 15,000 Polish officers in 1940. Having solved the mystery of Katyn, Epstein, from 1954 to the present, has been studying Operation Keelhaul. Not surprisingly, he has had no assistance from the American or British governments; both are about as eager to reveal information on forced repatriation as the Russians were to reveal information on Katyn. But Epstein *is* a master historian detective.

Early in WW II, Lieutenant General Andrei Andreevich Vlasov was hailed as a hero by Stalin and awarded the Order of the Red Banner for his masterly defense of Moscow. Stalin then assigned the young general to the Volkhov front, 75 miles east of Leningrad. A few weeks at the front confirmed Vlasov's suspicions about Stalin and Communism. When he was captured by the Germans he met other Russian officers who shared his feeling and he became their leader. They agreed to fight with the Germans against Stalin, not to betray Russia, but to fight the Communism that was destroying it. At no time did they pledge any loyalty to Hitler or Nazism. Epstein reports that at least 900,000 imprisoned Russian soldiers voluntarily enlisted in the fight against Stalin. After the surrender of Germany, Vlasov and his army surrendered to the Americans. Throughout the war, American planes had been dropping leaflets promising they would be treated according to the provisions of The Hague and Geneva Conventions. Most importantly to Vlasov and his men, the leaflets promised they wouldn't be forcibly repatriated. Several days after he surrendered, Vlasov and most of his army, encouraged by American clubs and rifle butts, were on their way back to the Soviet Union. The American soldiers knew what awaited the Vlasovites, and many carried out their orders with tears in their eyes. Not all of Vlasov's army reached the Soviet Union, however. A few soldiers escaped (some Americans disobeyed orders); many more committed suicide. The tragic story of General Vlasov is just one chapter of *Operation Keelhaul*.

The British had an Operation Keelhaul of their own, forcibly repatriating at least 250,000. They promised thousands of Cossacks that they wouldn't be repatriated, but the British, like the Americans, also made a promise to Stalin. Those Cossacks who tried to escape were shot. As in the case of Vlasov's army, the leaders of the Cossacks were executed by Stalin; the soldiers were sent to concentration camps.

Two hundred Soviet refugees even reached America. When the 200 refused to leave their Fort Dix barracks to return to the Soviet Union, they were teargassed; when they were forced aboard the Soviet vessel waiting to return them to the Soviet Union, they crippled the ship's engines. Only by drugging them were the Americans able to send them back to Stalin. Ten years after this incident, Epstein went to Fort Dix seeking documentation. He was informed that the records of the Fort Dix repatriation "are part of a group of documents determined by a recent study as requiring indefinite maintenance of their current high security classification." Although Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy both issued executive orders declaring that all material not vital to the national defense should be downgraded or declassified, the records of the Fort Dix repatriation and other records of Operation Keelhaul have yet to be declassified.

Why the secrecy 27 years after Keelhaul? Simply to protect those responsible. Throughout the book, Epstein never states where the primary responsibility belongs, but he does give hints. At the end of WW I, all sides agreed to the right of asylum. Lenin saw no reason to endanger his young revolution by forcing non-Communist Russians to be returned home. At the end of WW II, the situation had changed. If the two million Russian refugees were allowed to remain in the West, they would constitute a tremendous propaganda victory for the West. Stalin went to the Yalta Conference determined to have them repatriated; Roosevelt and Churchill, in the hope of appeasing their Russian ally, granted his demand. It didn't matter, as Epstein points out, that forced repatriation has always been contrary to international law. Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn in *Gulag Archipelago* says it was "astonishingly obvious" in prison discussions that Roosevelt and Churchill bore the blame for "the surrender to death at Stalin's hands" of hundreds of thousands of Soviet citizens.

What does Epstein want done? He would like to see the enactment of an International Convention against Forced Repatriation to make it easier for refugees to gain asylum. As for Operation Keelhaul, he would like American authorities to admit that it happened. Then he would like a congressional investigation to determine why it happened. He's not asking too much. □

The Ordeal of Thomas Hutchinson
By Bernard Bailyn
Harvard, 423 pp., $12.50

A LOYALIST'S TRAGEDY

JACK CHATFIELD

Thomas Hutchinson, Loyalist chief justice, lieutenant governor, and, briefly, governor of Massachusetts during the critical years before the Revolution, whose house was destroyed by a mob during the Stamp Act riots and whose career was ruined by the publication of a batch of his private letters in 1773, seemed one of those figures who had become the acquaintance of all the historians but the intimate of none. To students of the Revolution, his career is as important as that of Sam Adams or James Otis. A recent survey of Loyalism calls him "the essential Tory." As a conservative constitutionalist in a time of revolutionary constitutionalism, Hutchinson struggled against the tide and was, inevitably, swept

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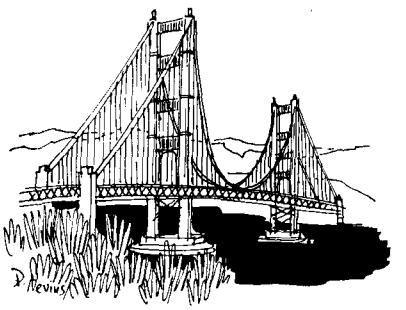
away by it. In exile in London from 1774 on, he was at first lionized and consulted, then (like his fellow Loyalist exiles) neglected. He was emotionally crushed by the death of his younger daughter. He was not at home in England. He died in 1780, when the outcome of the American rebellion hung in the balance. The forces of history, which had lately been so cruelly pitted against him, gathered once more to mock him: his funeral procession passed through streets overhung with smoke and thick with debris, the aftermath of the Gordon riots.

Certainly Hutchinson is a fit subject for a biography. Yet Harvard historian Bernard Bailyn, who in the last decade has emerged as one of the foremost scholars of the Revolution, is only the second person to try to write one (the first was in 1902, in a time of fervent Anglophiliac revisionism). It could be that historians, try as they may, are not easily deflected from the main issue—explaining the rise of the Revolutionary movement. Indeed, Bailyn, whose *Ideological Origins of the American Revolution* opened a new era of scholarship on the subject, comes to Hutchinson by the customary route. Bailyn is the compiler of every known surviving pamphlet of the Revolutionary era. It is in keeping with Hutchinson's tragic, neglected life—though not, one supposes, with his expectations—that his second biographer should arrive at the Governor's papers only after laboring for a decade among the writings of his foes, which Hutchinson thought were the vile distortions and sophistries of scheming or misguided men. As Bailyn says, this biography fills out his own analysis of the Revolutionary epoch, an analysis which focuses on the ideological roots of the conflict between England and the colonies. Hutchinson consistently failed to understand the nature of the Revolutionary ideology, and his failure, writes Bailyn, "brilliantly illuminates the origins of the Revolution" itself.

The Ordeal of Thomas Hutchinson is a work of compassionate scholarship. Certainly no figure in American political history—with the possible exception of Benedict Arnold—was more viciously maligned during his lifetime and after his death than Hutchinson. His early career had been promising if unheroic: he was appointed by the province to argue the case of Massachusetts landowners in a dispute with New Hampshire in 1740; he supervised the financing of the Louisburg expedition against the French in 1745; he served as the colony's agent to the commanding general of the British forces during the French and Indian War; at the Albany conference of 1754 it was "Hutchinson, more than anyone but Franklin, who saw . . . the benefits of restructuring imperial and intercolonial relations, and he did what he could to implement these advanced ideas."

> Yet in the end [writes Bailyn] his services were forgotten and he was cursed as a traitor in the land of his birth—cursed not merely by the wild men, the alarmists, the political paranoids, and the professional agitators, but by some



> of the most stable, sensible people of the time, many of whom knew him personally. There was, they said, some deep flaw in his character, some perversion of his personality, some profound "malignancy of heart" that had turned his patriotism into treason, and led him to sacrifice the general good for the most sordid, selfish gain.

With deep sympathy and intelligence, Bailyn sketches another picture of the man whose life reflected the belief that it takes courage "to stand against a popular torrent when it runs with violence." Bailyn's Hutchinson is a man of principle and modest but calculating ambition, a man temperate and narrow and stolid who would have been at home as a placeman in Walpole's England: "Sensitively attuned to a world of status and degree, bland, constrained, realistic, unromantic, ambitious, and acquisitive, he was, for all his hatred of religious zeal, the Puritan *manqué*. For he retained the self-discipline and seriousness of the colony's founders and something of their asceticism; but he lacked above all their inner certainty."

Throughout the crisis over taxation and parliamentary sovereignty, Hutchinson, though doggedly consistent in his public pronouncements, was racked with ambivalence and self-doubt. His political philosophy, resting upon a faith in the benevolence and rationality of the British system and a deeply held conviction that the American colonies were not strong enough to survive outside the Empire, was harmonious with the era of Britain's "benign neglect" of the colonies before the French and Indian War. When the placid, prosperous colonies erupted during the Stamp Act crisis of 1765, Hutchinson was horrified and bewildered. The hotheadedness and zeal of his opponents were, to him, unfathomable. He never wavered from the belief—or so he claimed in his official correspondence—that the radical faction could be dispersed and allegiance restored by a firm display of parliamentary "authority." But Bailyn shows that Hutchinson, in his letters to his superiors, often shied away from concrete proposals and was paralyzed with indecision at crucial points.

A close look at his political ideas, practical and theoretical, does not reveal the Machiavellian monster that resided in the imaginations of his enemies, the man whom Josiah Quincy called, in 1774, "the chief author and supporter of the severest calamities under which this people labor." Instead, what emerges is a politician often balanced and compassionate in his judgments, eager to avoid violence at almost any cost, who may have dimly understood that every alternative he suggested was in one way or another unworkable. Hutchinson's temperament—he once wrote that his mind did "not incline to enthusiasm"—did not fit him for such tumultuous times, and he gave way under the strain. His letters to London became meandering, vague, inconclusive.

His enemies did not know this. To them he was the "vile serpent" (John Adams), "the pack horse of tyranny" (*Boston Gazette*), the traitor in their midst who cold-bloodedly called down the wrath of Parliament upon their heads. In fact, Hutchinson had opposed the Stamp Act and the Townshend duties (he was later blamed for both measures), and as late as 1774 he urged that all taxation be left to the colonial assemblies. This "would greatly tend—if it is not absolutely necessary—to conciliate the affections of the colonies to the parent state." On two occasions prior to the Boston Massacre—once when a Tory printer was threatened by a mob and again when customs officials

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RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: Raoul Berger's *Executive Privilege: A Constitutional Myth* will get widely quoted in impeachment circles (Harvard, $14.95). . . . Walter Lacquer covers the Middle East crisis in *Confrontation* (Quadrangle, $8.95; Bantam paperback, $1.95). . . . Margaret Drabble profiles *Arnold Bennett* (Knopf, $10). . . . Roger Manvell and Heinrich Fraenkel detail *The Hundred Days to Hitler* for St. Martin's ($8.95). . . . *Mussolini* is by widow Rachele (Morrow, $8.95). . . . *NR* contributor Richard S. Wheeler lets fly at *Pagans in the Pulpit* (Arlington, $7.95). . . . Historian A. L. Rowse takes us on an illustrated tour through *Windsor Castle* (Putnam's, $14.95). . . . *P. G. Wodehouse* is a bio by David A. Jasen (Mason & Lipscomb, $10). . . . Ron Galella snapped all those pix of *Jacqueline*, and has the legal fees to prove it (Sheed & Ward, $9.95). The same house lets Wilfrid Sheed explore three *Vanishing Species of America*, the labor movement, the Catholic Church, and the Mafia ($7.95).

Patrick Devlin studies Woodrow Wilson's neutrality, it says here, in *Too Proud to Fight* (Oxford, $19.50). . . . *Discriminations* is a Dwight MacDonald collection from Grossman ($10). . . . *The New York Times Nostalgic Years in Song* collects 87 evergreens from 1900 to 1940, arranges them all for piano, organ, and guitar (Quadrangle; $14.95 to Jan. 1, then $17.50). . . . Arnold Krammer remembers *The Forgotten Friendship: Israel and the Soviet Bloc, 1947-53* (Illinois, $10). . . . Howard J. Klein's *Stop: You're Killing the Business* shows how ten small firms managed to turn success into failure (Mason & Lipscomb, $7.95). . . . Ex-hubby Robert F. Slatzer ruminates on *The Life and Curious Death of Marilyn Monroe*, explores the Bobby Kennedy role in depth (Pinnacle House, $8.95). . . . *The Future of Technological Civilization* is dim, says Victor Ferkiss, unless we fashion something he calls "ecological humanism" (Braziller, $12.50). . . . Robert Conot's *American Odyssey* chronicles the rise and fall of Detroit (Morrow, $14.95).

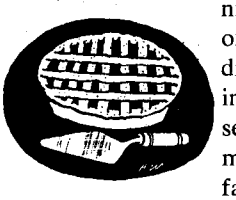
■ FAMILY FILMS: If you find the film industry's self-rating a dim guide to what films are suitable for the kids, try *Movie Facts for Parents*. Though a project of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of New York, *MFFP* is nonsectarian. Films are screened by men and women of all faiths. Reviewers simply list everything you *might* find objectionable in every G and PG flick, leave it up to you to decide. E.g., here's how *MFFP* flags possible objections to *Cabaret*: "Crude sensual burlesque dancing. Grotesque characters. Main theme is promiscuity. Homosexual scenes. Low language." Subscription: $6 for 28 biweekly issues to Box 3551, Grand Central Station, N.Y.C. 10017.

implored him to use the army to break the boycott of British goods—Hutchinson refused to use the troops at his disposal. On the night of the Massacre he appeared on King Street, reprimanded the British captain in charge ("How came you to fire without orders from a civil magistrate?"), and quieted the crowd by promising a "full and impartial" inquiry. This was an act of desperate courage and presence of mind. Hutchinson was deeply shaken by civil violence. This partly explains why, as the conflict intensified, his recommendations lacked coherence and force.

IN February 1774, after years of strain, Hutchinson wrote a long and despairing letter to Lord Dartmouth. The Tea Party had occurred that December, and in London harsh measures were being debated. Hutchinson believed that everything depended upon the willingness of the British government to intervene. But what measures did he suggest? The government might hold the harbor forts and station a ship of the line in every port. But he did not believe such measures would restore interior order, for "the people, my Lord, in every colony, more or less, have been made to believe that by firmly adhering to their demands they may obtain a compliance with every one of them." Somehow Parliament must impose her will, but he could not say how.

Finally, pathetically, Hutchinson came apart at the seams, telling one thing to his diary and another to his superiors in London. In exile shortly after the passage of the "Intolerable" Acts, Hutchinson had a long interview with George III. He recorded in his diary that he told the King that the Boston Port Bill (closing the harbor until the tea destroyed in December was paid for) was "extremely severe," and that he had avoided endorsing or condemning the Massachusetts Government Act because he lacked information on the subject. But according to the King, Hutchinson told him that "the Boston Port Bill was the only wise effectual method that could have been suggested for bringing them to a speedy submission, and that the change in the legislature [from an elective to a Crown-appointed body] will be a means of establishing some government in that province which till now has been a scene of anarchy."

The radicals were right: there was a flaw in Hutchinson's character, but it was not the flaw they supposed. For he was a man instinctively prudent, conciliatory, and humane who wanted desperately to believe that reason and dialogue could settle the differences between England and the colonies. He was most at home exchanging constitutional treatises with his enemies. But he was capable of indulging the most extravagant fantasies—the fantasy of "conciliation commissions" composed of colonists and royal officials, or of withdrawing and rewriting the Massachusetts charter. His most dangerous fantasy — and the one which was so fragile that it could not shield him from incoherence—was that Parliament could restore order without martial law and the risk of civil war. Hutchinson was utterly lacking in ruthlessness. When reason failed to restore the Empire, he could not bring himself to abandon it. Lacking that reservoir of self-esteem that might have enabled him to face his inner turmoil and make sense out of it, he disintegrated. He became dishonest with himself. The instinct to rationalize everything was deeply ingrained and he defended himself and his ideas until the end. But his life illustrates the collapse of Loyalism rather than its dogged, impassioned persistence.



That Hutchinson "was defeated in the end," writes Bailyn in a characteristically brilliant passage, "—trapped and destroyed—was in no way the consequence of the poverty of his mind. His failure was the result of other forces which he could not control—political forces in England entirely beyond his reach and instincts within him, bred into the marrow of his personality and nourished by decades of success. And it was the consequence too of something more fundamental: the incapacity of sheer logic, of reason, compelling in its own terms but operating within the limits of the received tradition, to control or even fully to comprehend the upsurge of ideological passion. Within his own terms of refer-

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ence, within his own assumptions—which were the ordinary assumptions of the age taken to a high degree of refinement—his arguments are irrefutable: which is why they ultimately became the revolutionaries' chief target. They mark the boundaries of traditional thought, and they therefore establish the point of departure for what became, to posterity, the innovative and creative thought of the time." □

Capitalism: The Moving Target
By Leonard Silk, et al.
Quadrangle, 159 pp., $5.95

DIFFERENT PERSPECTIVES?

ALAN REYNOLDS

This is one book you can judge by its cover. The title and authors are a giveaway. Half of the pages are devoted to an essay by Mr. Silk. The rest are mostly reprinted from the Op Ed page of the *New York Times*. "The intention," says Mr. Silk, "was to assemble a group of contributors who would look at the system from different perspectives." Thus, Paul Samuelson, who represents the left among three *Newsweek* columnists, here represents a right wing —of sorts. To his left it ranges from McGovern adviser Edwin Kuh ("apart from the need to help the poor, there are other cogent reasons to tax the rich at higher rates . . .") to Andrew Glyn's dispassionate study on "the necessity for smashing capitalism."

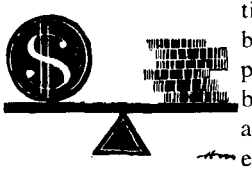
Paul Sweezy, an aging Marxist, engages in a little fanciful numerology and demonstrates to his own satisfaction that "apart from military spending, things were a bit better in 1970 than in 1938. But not much . . ." "The real question," says Sweezy, "is why capitalism in the twentieth century has such a powerful tendency to stagnation that it requires increasingly massive forms of public and private waste to keep itself going at all." A better question might be how capitalism keeps going despite public waste. The stimulating effect of high taxes is less than self-evident.

John Kenneth Galbraith's claims that "neoclassical [meaning liberal-Keynesian] economics elides the problem of power . . . making economics a non-political subject." The statement depends on the reader's being as innocent as its author of many brilliant applications of economic analysis to political issues by, for example, the Center for Study of Public Choice at Virginia Polytech.

Galbraith also claims "the neoclassical model has no explanation of the highly unequal development, as between industries of great market power and industries of slight market power. . . ." Yet the sector which Galbraith defines as having "slight" market power includes such notoriously deprived souls as construction workers, corporate farmers, lawyers, doctors, and professors. And the sector of supposedly "great" market power commands a smaller slice of GNP each year. (For example, manufacturing now accounts for little more than the 25 per cent of GNP that the nation spends on health, education, and welfare.)

THE pro-capitalist position in this volume is presented by Thomas Carvel, of ice cream fame, who argues that it is indeed possible to earn a bundle. Not an argument calculated to keep affluent professors from decrying affluence. Moscow's token capitalist, David Rockefeller, talks about "strategies to combine the strengths of public and private resources" (something the Rockefellers have always done quite well).

Throughout the anthology, there is a tendency to attribute human characteristics to The System. "War," says historian Gabriel Kolko, "is the central element in defining the essential quality of capitalist societies." Novelist Gilbert Sorrentino suspects that capitalism breeds inadequate appreciation of novelists. "The passion for growth," says Leonard Silk, "is the essence of capitalism." In the Thirties and Fifties capitalism was blamed for insufficient growth. Now, when government is the fastest-growing component of GNP, the growth is condemned and blamed on capitalism.



The American economy, Silk is sure, "has clearly been growing more closely integrated and holistic." That would be difficult to prove, so Silk doesn't try. Actually, we have been leaping toward a service-oriented economy characterized by small firms, there has been no increase in the share of business done by the largest manufacturing firms, and capitalist innovations bring a wider range of choices each year. By defining competition as "the highly atomistic . . . model of the early nineteenth century," Silk is able to contrast a "competitive economy and a highly organized one." Since nobody likes disorganization, that semantic shell game neatly disposes of laissez-faire.

The preferred solution to evil is more goodness. "New regulatory institutions are required," says Silk, "whose aims would be to spur competition rather than to act as screens for monopolies . . . They should have as their mission the protection of consumers' interests . . ." Might as well ask for an alligator that doesn't bite. Similarly, Galbraith thinks "the state must be emancipated from economic interest." He somehow believes this end can be served by creating a society in which one's position in life is wholly determined by the ability to manipulate state agencies.

There is a more promising way to keep political favoritism from protecting cartels and granting unsocial subsidies. It consists of separating the economy and state as thoroughly as we separate church and state.

You won't hear about it in this volume. □

FICTION

Death, Sleep & the Traveler
By John Hawkes
New Directions, 179 pp., $6.95

IN THE DREAM

CHARLES NICOL

John Hawkes writes with dizzying brilliance. His novels yield to the reader like geishas, and ask only that the reader yield in return. Experimental, dreamlike, sensuous, comic, and solid, his novels burn like clean aromatic wood, like a forest of sandalwood on the hearth of the intellect.

Death, Sleep & the Traveler is told by its central character, the middle-aged Dutchman Allert Vanderveenan. Living apparently in Sweden, he forms a reasonably satisfactory triangle with his wife and her lover; his apparent tranquility is belied by his frequent, vivid

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dreams—with some justification his wife accuses him of living his real life in his dreams. She sends him off alone on a long ocean voyage where he becomes part of another triangle with a younger woman and the ship's wireless operator, and where he indulges in the jealousy he suppresses at home. The girl disappears from the ship, apparently dropped overboard by Allert after a drunken ship's party where she dressed in the wireless operator's clothes; no doubt if Allert allowed his feelings to surface at home he would have been tempted to murder his wife. He is arrested, tried, and acquitted; in spite of these events he resumes his home life with as much equanimity as before, although his wife and her lover (a psychiatrist) attempt to evoke an admission of guilt. His wife's lover dies and eventually she leaves him. His last words in the novel are, "I am not guilty."

THE SCENES flow by with cinematic rapidity, in an apparently capricious but deliberate order that juxtaposes Allert's home life, his shipboard romance, and his dreams. These last are especially remarkable: convincing, revealing, original yet strikingly familiar—as vividly distorted reflections of life as the oiled veins of grotesque musclemen or the reverberations of an electronic piano. The past masters of the evocative dream, Nabokov and Ingmar Bergman, have simply been surpassed. A long quotation seems essential here, that the reader may judge for himself:

> In my dream I have become once more the silent little boy of my childhood, a plump and rather long-faced child in whom the features and temperament of the man to be are already evident, and I am securely situated in the village of my birth and, though it is clearly the darkest time of night and the village sleeps, nonetheless I am seated bibbed and powdered under a brightly shining light in the shop of the village barber. I hear running water, I hear the clicking of the shears, because the barber is wide-awake and at work on me. He smells of spice, and some kind of unguent that makes me quiver in pleasure and apprehension. We are alone, I am wearing my short trousers, my hiking boots, my monogrammed shirt with the broad white flowing collar. And from toes to neck my body is tented in the voluminous white bib which the barber has draped about me gently and pinned at my neck. I am drowsy, but I am totally aware of the night, the darkened streets and houses beyond the barber shop, the single electric light that smells like tallow, the movements of the barber who is clicking his steel shears between the slopes of my skull and the growth that is my childishly unattractive ear.

And this is only the beginning of a long dream that raises the hackles by its likelihood. The sureness of Hawkes in these descriptions is astounding.

BUT dreams that seem real are only the other side of the familiar true coin of any Hawkes novel, the reality that seems a dream. Moments when time stands still, or stretches, or snaps. The superclean heat and eucalyptus of a log-cabin sauna in Scandinavian winter; the bleaching brilliance of a midsummer Mediterranean beach (in both scenes three naked people, the narrator's two triangles); the smell of the reptile house in the zoo, "venom or urine or black ink in a context of crushed peanuts." Hawkes's world shimmers with a kind of dazed but fullbodied sensuality that leaves our nerve-ends ringing.

If Hawkes has a fault, it lies in his dallying with an occasional image that functions solely at the symbolic level. Here he can be heavyhanded, as with the unattended and unbelievable rash on Allert's belly that, "months later," "had grown into a thick circular bed of inflammation surrounding the navel like a graft made from the livid flesh of ripe strawberries." Those strawberries are no more ripe than this prose and its message, a kind of judgment on Allert imposed by an author who makes his moral very, very oblique. Again, a shipboard band, one man and two women, offers an unneeded glimpse of another love-triangle falling apart—an obtrusive parallel, as gratuitous as it is forced.

But these are minor mannerisms. Hawkes's comic sensuality is the product of an Apollonian mind and a Dionysian sensibility. As this novel notes, "the sleep of reason produces demons." It is a dream worth having. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE MIRACLE OF HAITIAN PAINTING, *by Selden Rodman (Doubleday, 95 pp., illus., $4.95).* Selden Rodman has been a student and promoter of Haitian art since its beginning 30 years ago. His new book on the subject is little more than an abridged updating of his *Renaissance in Haiti*, but since the latter, published in 1948, has long been out of print, the present book is welcome. It can be used both as a reference (it lists all the most important artists and where their works can be bought) and as an introduction to what, in this writer's opinion, is the most fascinating primitive art being created anywhere in the world today. Fortunately, Mr. Rodman lays to rest the fears of many observers that Haiti's artists now or in the near future will be corrupted by their vogue and by the current tourist boom. Some, of course, have succumbed, but many have not, and new talents seem to be emerging from among the younger generation. There are ample illustrations and the color reproductions are surprisingly accurate for a book so reasonably priced.

RUTH BERENSON

PATTON: A STUDY IN COMMAND, *by H. Essame (Scribner's, 280 pp., $9.95).* General George S. Patton is the personification of military leadership. This study diligently traces the evolution of his legend from the resurrection of II Corps in Tunisia, the race for Messina, the breakout at Normandy, and the miracle of the Ardennes. The author criticizes Eisenhower's reluctance to exploit fully this genius whose grasp of combat far exceeded Eisenhower's. That reluctance, Essame asserts, resulted in no fewer than five lost opportunities to end the war in 1944. He concludes that Patton's calculated audacity forged a fighting force unequaled in the annals of warfare.

A. L. MILLER

FOREWORDS AND AFTERWORDS, *by W. H. Auden (Random, 529 pp., $12.50).* Auden's admirers will not be disappointed in this collection of book reviews and introductions, and those readers who are not acquainted with his criticism—which was uniformly intelligent and, a far rarer thing, civilized—could do worse than to begin here. Auden had written about many of these subjects before (e.g., Shakespeare, Kierkegaard, Goethe, Grimm, Wagner, Verdi, Chesterton, food), but there are still enough new insights to make the book worthwhile; I found the essay on Shakespeare's sonnets especially provocative. Amidst the straightforward criticism, there is one unusual piece that comes off very nicely, a review of Leonard Woolf's and Evelyn Waugh's autobiographies in which he compares their early lives and his own ("If not in complete accord with either, I feel myself sufficiently close to Mr. Waugh theologically and to Mr. Woolf politically to act as a moderator"). Some of these pieces have been lightly revised for republication. For example, the much quoted sentence, "[Tennyson] had the finest ear, perhaps, of any English poet; he was also undoubtedly the stupidest," has acquired a footnote: "T. S. Eliot pointed out to me that he could think of two or three English poets who were stupider, and I had to agree." Characteristically, Auden did not name them.

LINDA BRIDGES

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ZIMMERMANN

(Continued from page 653)

as well as a gently humorous self-parody.

Is it possible to think about *Call Me Madam*—ELT's second production of the season—and forget Ethel Merman? Well, perhaps not entirely, but Grace Keagy, who played Sally Adams in this production, had the good sense to find her own interpretation of the role, rather than attempt a neo-Merman rendering. Though her voice is not comparable to Merman's, she did put Irving Berlin's lilting songs across with authority and warmth, as did the supporting cast. The jazzy five-piece combo that provided the music was placed on stage and made part of the action where appropriate—a very successful device reminiscent of the staging of *No Strings* a decade ago.

Other productions this season included a fine adaptation of *Rashomon*; *Look: We've Come Through*, a drama about the traumas of youth; *Carousel*; Jerome Kern's *Oh Lady! Lady!*; and *Bloomers*, an expressionist satire by German playwright Carl Sternheim. Though plays are selected to provide for a wide variety of acting styles, American plays predominate, probably because, as production director Lynn Montgomery puts it, "American plays often best display American acting talent"; and, after all, ELT's showcase function is most essential. Nevertheless, the group has tackled many British and European plays over the years, including Shakespeare and the classics.

The tremendous competition for roles in ELT productions is an accurate indicator of the poor theatrical job market at present. ELT, once faulted for cliquishness, now has a rule that an actor may not appear in a primary or secondary role in a drama more than once a year, or in a musical more than once every two years. Each month it presents a new group of talented, engaging, vigorous actors. Where will they go afterward, theatrical work being so limited? All of them dream of success like that which has come to ELT alumni like Eileen Heckert, Charlton Heston, Kim Stanley, Rod Steiger, Jason Robards, and Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson, who met at ELT. But there's only so much room at the top, especially these days. It's a heavy irony that ELT thrives as Broadway withers. Yet that's all the more reason why the Equity Library Theater is a little group with a big impact. □

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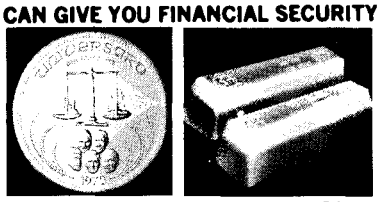

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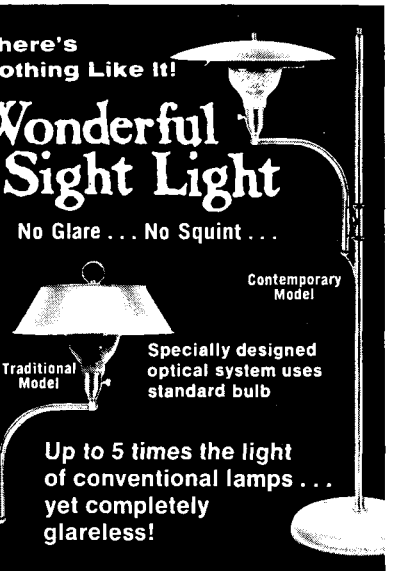

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ROGGE

(Continued from page 648)

Edinburgh Axis—is planning to take over the right wing in America. I know both and this is totally false. What they are *really* planning is to take over the whole world.

Admittedly the corporate and millionaire masters of these academic lackeys of the Right did pour their wealth upon them in the last few months of 1965, so that the Treasurer's Report for December 31, 1965 did show, not a net deficit, but $132.76 in what Ed Feulner in a pixie mood identified as "Retained Earnings."

A really rigorous history of the Society would require a report on each of the programs of the Society from 1964 to date, and on the changing makeup of the Board of Directors over that period of time. However, if I were a rigorous historian, or a rigorist economist for that matter, I wouldn't be available for this kind of charity gig, so be content with what you're going to get instead—which is a brief listing of some of the "firsts" that can be laid at the door of the Philadelphia Society.

For example, it was at a Society meeting here in Chicago that that medieval monk, Russell Kirk, first presented to the world his lovely and charming wife. The reason that she has missed so many meetings since the first one is that she has been pregnant a good deal of the time since then. Medieval monk indeed!

It was also at a Philadelphia Society meeting that many of us first discovered what the whole world now knows through the person of Henry Kissinger, to wit: that the only people who are capable of understanding and carrying out American foreign policy are those who speak English with a Central or East European accent.

Another first for the Philadelphia Society is that it was by sitting on a Society platform that Irving Kristol first gave public and final notice that he was no longer one of *them*, but one of us.

It was here as well that his own son (David Friedman) first made clear to us the true fascist nature of Milton Friedman's thinking.

Well enough is enough, if not too much. I know not and care not what others think. As for me, I am delighted that there is a Philadelphia Society and may it never *really* change. May its operations always be informal, confusing, surprising, catholic, loose, entertaining, educational, and, most of all, reassuring, reassuring in the sense of giving each of us at least once a year an awareness of the fact that there are a number of people of first quality who do indeed stand for the open society and are capable of defending it with vigor, warmth, and eloquence. To you who created it and to all who have nurtured its survival, our very real appreciation—and most especially to the man in whose movable files and in whose mind and heart the Philadelphia Society has been kept alive for all these years, to Mr. Philadelphia Society himself, to Don Lipsett of North Adams, Michigan. □

—BENJAMIN A. ROGGE

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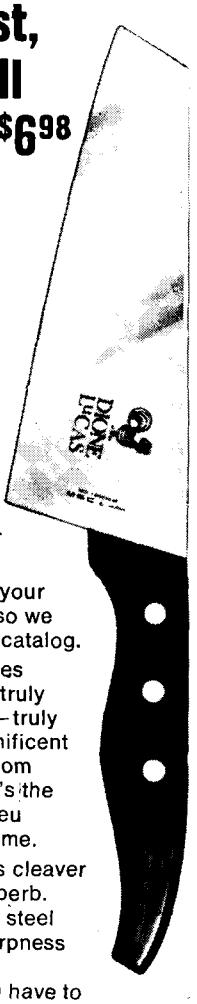

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On The Right

The Kidnapper

New York, May 22—Mr. Reg Murphy, the editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*, has lines on his face he didn't have a year ago, as would you and I have if we had spent most of 50 consecutive hours gagged in the trunk of a car breathing a blend of carbon monoxide and fetid air, and being driven hither and yon by a kidnapper who quite coolly wondered right to the end whether he should take his big pistol back to the trunk and fire off a shot at the temple. Mr. Murphy's general views on kidnapping are worth more than most people's, one would think. And although one likes to believe that the age is not coming when we will be carrying cards in our wallets entitled: "Helpful Hints in Case You Are Kidnapped: Mutual of Omaha's Special Behavior Guide"—it pays to listen . . .

For instance, on one pending matter Mr. Murphy is totally committed. He opposes legislation that would make it a felony to submit to the demands of the kidnapper. The theory of this law is totally correct, and the morality of it seductive. Crime should not pay, and therefore those who might be disposed to pay criminals should be prohibited from doing so. But here is as good an example as any of the collapse of theory up against experience.

In point of fact, the chances are overwhelming that a parent, or even an employer, will put up money rather than hazard the life of a member of the family or an employee. It is true that in doing so one encourages the practice of kidnapping. But in failing to do so one increases the chances of harm to an immediately identifiable victim. It is, quite simply, a dilemma. When a grandson of J. Paul Getty was kidnapped a year ago, Getty refused to submit to the kidnappers' demands on the grounds that to do so would be to put into jeopardy all his other grandchildren—the reasoning is inescapable. But the remote problem is generally to be preferred over the immediate problem, in the calculations of human beings: and, in due course, Getty paid up.

Now it is Mr. Murphy's point that if the pending bill becomes law the result will not be to estop payments of cash to the kidnapper. But it will be to cease to coordinate these payments with the police. And if this happens, then the chances of identifying the criminal (and incidentally retrieving the money) are drastically reduced. And here is where the real encouragement to the criminal comes in. As the practice of kidnapping succeeds, so will the profession grow.

As things now stand, Mr. Murphy points out, kidnappers with one or two extraordinary exceptions—for instance the first guy who bailed out over the Rockies using a parachute—have not got away with it. This is because the technology of crime detection has greatly advanced since the days when Lindbergh's kidnapper could snatch up the money and escape, however briefly, without a trace. Nowadays you can—for instance—impregnate the satchel with the money in it with an essence that twitches the nostrils of a police radio miles away. Nowadays you have helicopters that ride so high the human eye cannot see them: and these helicopters have infra-red eyes that can spot and follow an automobile which has been invisibly doused with a substance as irremovable as Macbeth's stain. It is Mr. Murphy's point that all these instruments are lost to the victim—and to the society—if the law passes which would require the police to say over the telephone: "Sorry, sir; we cannot connive in any way with you in the paying of ransom. The law would make us accomplices in the commission of a felony."

The distinction to be drawn, surely, is between that which an individual will almost certainly do, which the state cannot prevent him from doing; and that which a state can prevent itself from doing. The state has control over its emotions—or should have. If Governor Rockefeller had agreed to release the prisoners at Attica rather than risk the lives of the guards they held hostage, he'd have delivered to every prisoner in the state the key to his cell door. The distinction lies in the difference between the individual and the state. The grisly experience of the Israelis last week does not undermine the generality. They were dealing with crazed fanatics, concerning whom no laws are reasonably constructed. □

TOO MUCH

New York, May 15—Is there no limit to the weapons Richard Nixon is prepared to use to defend himself? He began by telling us that the tapes would speak for themselves, and would fully exonerate him. A week later he has propped up a Jesuit theologian to pronounce the tapes as fine examples of Christian morality, and to describe their principal author as the embodiment of Christian virtue and high statesmanship.

Here is what I would like someone please to explain to me. Why is Mr. Nixon's judgment so awry these days? I write within minutes of reading the remarks of the Reverend John McLaughlin, Jesuit priest and presidential aide, and I—who ran for public office only once, and achieved 13 per cent of the vote—know as certainly as that the sun will rise tomorrow that this venture will bring yet further discredit to President Nixon—and discredit to Father McLaughlin. And, I might add, should do so, even as we dishonor those tame priests who have been trotted out in history by emperors and princes to baptize their grimy deeds. Mr. Nixon will succeed in arousing the anger of many who care deeply that we should not trifle with men of God, and who will recall that Mr. Nixon has at least a passive weakness for that kind of thing. For many years, Billy Graham was always there to suggest however faintly that God is a middle class Republican. And when Mr. Nixon went to a church service in Key Biscayne to give thanks for the ceasefire in South Vietnam, he suffered himself to be described by the local pastor in terms that would have embarrassed St. John of the Cross.

The presidential presence is said to be altogether over-awing. But Father McLaughlin is not a country preacher. To become a Jesuit requires 13 years of hard study in the seminary. (Father McLaughlin should have taken the 14th year.) And after that, he served as an editor of the Jesuit weekly *America*, which for a while was given to loosing thunderbolts at any Catholic who expressed any reservation over any papal inflection given in the least encyclical. During the Sixties, many Jesuits, far

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from toiling in the vineyards of ultramontanism, became self-consciously, not to say obstreperously, independent, the hero of the group in question being of course their fellow Jesuit Father Daniel Berrigan. Father McLaughlin then ran for senator from Rhode Island against John Pastore, which suggests his inclination to lost causes; and now one detects the accents of yore, the only difference being that Richard Nixon is taking the place of the Pope; in which respect, there is, once again, the old credibility gap.

Father McLaughlin appealed to the virtue of charity, and of course he is correct—we should be guided by charity. But charity does not require the Congress of the United States and the American people to maintain Richard Nixon as President of the United States. In my judgment charity might properly have been invoked against disbarring Spiro Agnew once he was removed from the Vice Presidency; but charity has nothing to do with keeping us from giving to the transcripts the kind of attention that Mr. Nixon asked us to give to them—from dwelling on the contradictions, remarking the selfishness of their concern, expressing a not uncosmopolitan dismay at the quality of the discourse. The only thing that charity absolutely requires is that no further analysis be made of the remarks of Father McLaughlin.

What is Mr. Nixon, the shrewd political analyst, saying to himself, as he drops bomb, after bomb, after bomb? Did he believe that a paid consultant wearing a Roman collar could transubstantiate the tapes from barracks-room discussions about how to lay the Statue of Liberty, into sacrosanct deliberations of a man identified by Father McLaughlin as "the greatest moral leader of the last third of this century"?

What is finally surprising about it is that Nixon *isn't* really that bad. The *transcripts* are not really that bad. What *is* bad is that the transcripts should have been released at all, and what is bad is that Mr. Nixon actually believed they would lighten his burden. And, now, that either Mr. Nixon believes what Father McLaughlin says, in which case he has completely lost touch with reality; or else he doesn't believe it, but he thinks it will work, in which case he has—completely lost touch with reality. And if he has indeed lost touch, what is the most charitable thing the American people could hope for? □

A LOYALIST'S CONCERN

New York, May 20—Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce writes, "From the beginning, I have seen all efforts to pressure a President who claims to be innocent into involuntary retirement as a violation of the basic premise of the common law (innocent until legally proven guilty) and a usurpation of the Congress' right, and manifest duty, to indict, try, and either convict or acquit an allegedly criminal or unworthy President.

"Now that impeachment proceedings have begun, I take an even dimmer view of the continued clamor for resignation. I see it as the more or less conscious repudiation of the whole concept of constitutional representative government. For underlying the cry for resignation *now* is the fear of both those who believe him innocent and those who believe him guilty that for partisan reasons, the Senate will not administer impartial justice to him. They doubt the honor, integrity, and patriotism of the Senate. They doubt that our representative form of government will work to the good of the country in this hour of crisis."

Mrs. Luce's point, in some ways, harmonizes with that of the *Washington Post*, though it is not unsafe to suppose that this is so for different reasons. The *Post* cares greatly that at some future season historians will not say that Nixon was driven unfairly out of office, by such scorpions as the *Washington Post*. Mrs. Luce, one is entitled to suspect, believes that when all the charges are put together and presented to Congress, they will say that there isn't enough there to impeach and convict. Both Mrs. Luce and the *Post* would presumably agree that if Mr. Nixon should resign, his manner of going would be crucial. If he resigned after giving the Congress something of a *nolo contendere*—an admission of guilt of some sort—both friends and critics would be appeased. Failing that?

"You will be touched by the nobility of the arguments" given by the men who voted against conviction of President Andrew Johnson, as recaptured in John F. Kennedy's *Profiles in Courage*. "Most relevant of all is the part played by the press during the impeachment and trial. *Plus ça change* . . . If you do reread this chapter, you might want to call up Senator Teddy and ask him how many senators he thinks there are today who would be willing to sacrifice their political lives in the service of Impartial Justice, and for the good of the country. He would certainly have to say 'all.' But I think there would be no fewer there than there would be columnists or editors who would sacrifice *their* careers, if their publishers were to tell them that they had to give up *their* way of life: beating on Nixon and calling for his resignation."

And Mrs. Luce gives an adroit—one is tempted to say feminine—twist to her analysis. She writes: "The columnists who ask Nixon to resign are, and always have been, wasting their breath. If the President is the low, despicable, self-serving, criminal character he is widely pointed out to be, to call on him to rise to noble heights and sacrifice himself for the good of the country is either silliness or sheer hypocrisy."

And she closes with a point difficult to argue against. "As to his personal condition, guilty or innocent, he would be an utter fool if he did not prefer to be judged and sentenced by his political peers rather than by the Kay Grahams and even the Bill Buckleys. The only hope he has now of getting a judicial hearing for his justifications, or extenuating circumstances, and of getting them unedited into the Record, remains in his trial in the Senate. The great court of the Senate is now the only place where he can, still wearing the dignity his office confers on him, meet his rendezvous with the judgment of History. And even if the shame and agony of a verdict of guilty is to be his lot, surely he would rather go out with a bang in the Senate, than with a whimper in Wicker's column. Wouldn't you, really?"

Well, yes . . . But there are those, myself included, who have simply not denied that Mr. Nixon has a devotion to his country and to his ideals, and who insist that he is uniquely situated to judge whether the Republic will be better off even if the Senate should exonerate Nixon: which is why, I persist, it is one thing to say that the country would be better off with Gerald Ford as President, and another that the country would be better off with Nixon pushed away, so as to make Gerald Ford President. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. PIGS APE — 166 190 7 177 231 132 76

B. First name of a Vice-President of the United States — 175 79 1 141 113 49 233 28

C. OX RANCH RID IN — 178 4 158 167 173 193 34 47 100 77 / 60 111

D. A type of general — 187 171 95 182 224 119 31 197

E. An uncultivated person — 53 80 64 145 208 179 195

F. Name of two American Episcopal bishops and hymn authors (father and son) — 68 185 110 115 33

G. Author of *The Naval War of 1812* — 75 207 212 8 41 51 98 150 131

H. Complacently foolish — 88 214 206 181 151 165 174

I. Come to mind — 15 44 70 2 20

J. First name of a President of the United States — 106 69 83 211 221 227 118 116 133 149

K. The new heir was repaid with this — 137 123 96 19 52 81

L. Serving to excite — 157 32 38 17 59 147 124 184 215 225

M. A province of Saudi Arabia — 202 57 143 189

N. A refusal to acknowledge — 222 84 234 192 135 164 210 46 122

O. Rank of Carlota and Eugenie — 6 9 13 27 39 72 26

P. Impressions made in the sands of time — 22 54 67 223 109 217 121 169 183 191

Q. Representing map distances true to scale in all directions — 63 29 10 168 180 201 228 18 196 86 / 97

R. Approaches — 89 107 229 43 205

S. The *Teller of Tales* — 112 161 90 230 159 186 209 85 188

T. Showing liveliness or exhilaration — 126 73 117 142 156 203 216 219 170 194 / 58 71

U. Where the horsy set is bound — 140 104 16 199 87 24 45 50 37 93 / 120 138 146

V. An assembly for discussion of public questions — 35 114 163 30 139

W. Governor of Hawaii during the Roosevelt administration — 78 134 218 62 176 204 108 128 153 66

X. Compensated — 154 172 155 130 125 198

Y. Resembling a nocturnal bird of prey — 200 91 102 23 127 213

Z. An exhibition of clothing styles — 61 101 11 129 136 144 148 160 162 74 / 94

a. Destructive encroachments — 25 5 14 21 42 48 103

b. A Vice-President of the United States — 12 36 56 65 220 226 232 3

c. An archer who confessed to a murder — 40 55 82 92 99 105 152

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 662 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

	1 B	2 I	3 b	4 C	5 a	6 0	7 A	B G		9 0	10 Q	11 Z	12 b		13 0	14 a	15 I	16 U	17 L
18 Q		19 K	20 I	21 a	22 P	23 Y	24 U		25 a	26 0		27 0	28 B	29 Q	30 V	31 D	32 L	33 F	34 C
	35 V	36 b	37 U		38 L	39 0	40 c	41 G	42 a	43 R	44 I	45 U		46 N	47 C	48 a		49 B	50 U
51 G	52 K	53 E	54 P	55 c	56 b	57 M	58 T	59 L		60 C	61 Z		62 W	63 Q	64 E		65 b	66 W	67 P
68 F	69 J	70 I	71 T	72 0		73 T	74 Z	75 G		76 A	77 C	78 W	79 B	80 E	81 K	82 c	83 J	84 N	85 S
86 Q		87 U	88 H		89 R	90 S	91 Y		92 c	93 U	94 Z		95 D	96 K	97 Q	98 G	99 c	100C	101Z
102Y	103a		104U	105c	106J		107R	108W	109P	110F	111C	112S	113B	114V	115F		116J	117T	
118J	119D	120U	121P	122N	123K	125L	125X	126T	127Y		128W	129Z	130X	131G		132A	133J	134W	135N
136Z	137K	138U		139V	140U	141B	142T		143M	144Z	145E	146U		147L	148Z	149J		150G	151H
152c	153W	154X		155X	156T	157L	158C	159S	160Z		161S	162Z	163V	164N	165H	166A	167C		168Q
169P	170T	171D	172X	173C	174H	175B	176W		177A	178C	179E	180Q	181H	182D	183P	184L	185F	186S	
187D	188S	189M		190A	191P		192N		193C	194T	195E	196Q	197D	198X		199U	200Y		201Q
202M	203T	204W	205R	206H	207G	208E	209S		210N	211J	212G		213Y	214H	215L	216T		217P	218W
219T	220b	221J	222N		223P	224D	225L	226b	227J		228Q	229R	230S	231A	232b	233B	234N		

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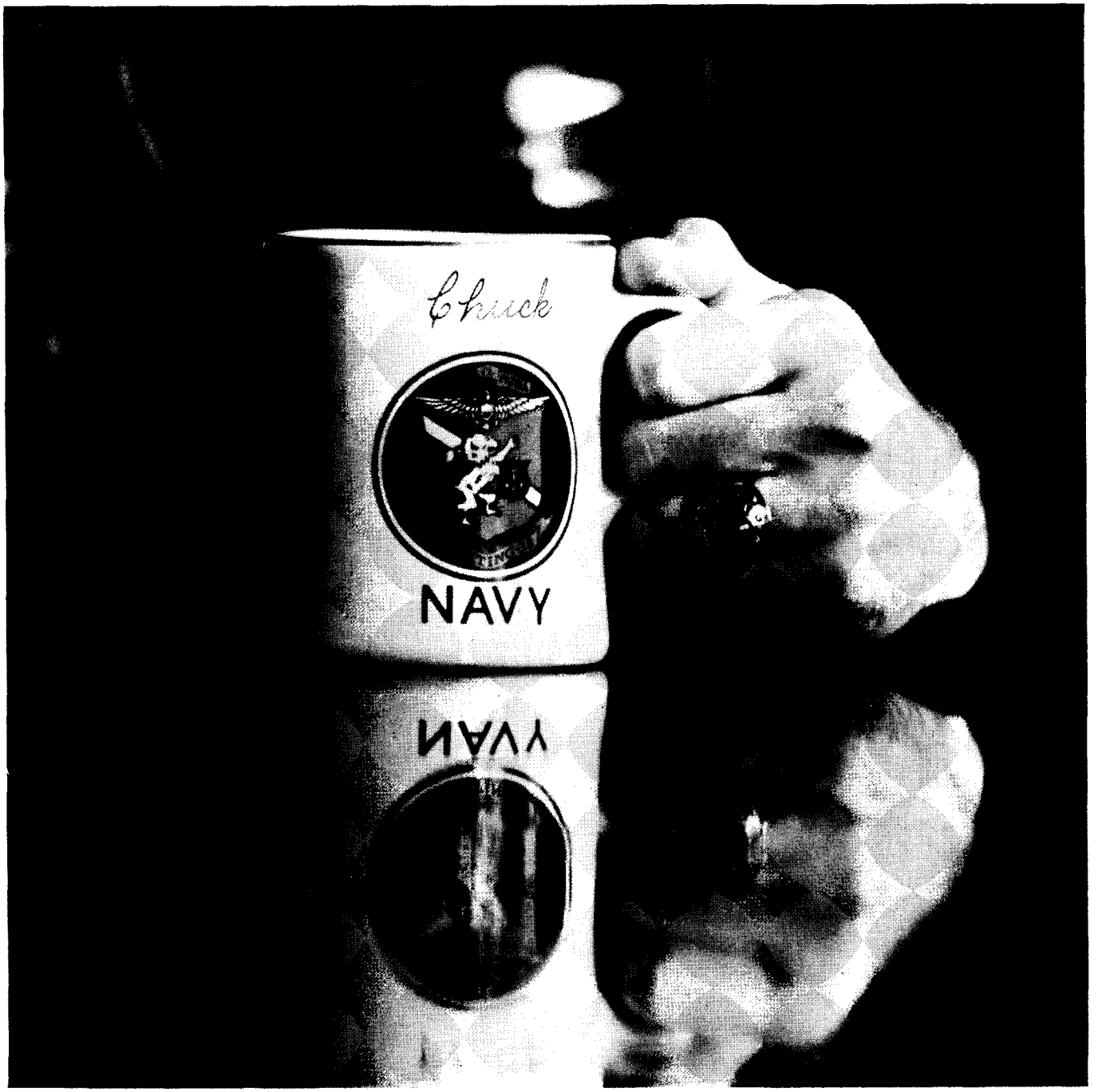

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